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FRANÇOIS GUIZOT.

IT is not many months ago that two elderly gentlemen were seen, walking arm-in-arm, under the wide-spreading oaks of Val Richer. In this beautiful Norman retreat, amid the tranquillity of the country, surrounded by the evidences of well-earned ease and cultivated taste, these two men might look back together over the events of fifty years, and recall the days when both of them, young, ardent, ambitious, were struggling upward toward power and fame. Two figures, as well as two characters, in deeper contrast, could not easily be found. The one was tall, calm, and still stately, though he bore the burden of five-and-eighty years; with patrician style in every movement; a countenance delicate and finely chiseled, with aquiline nose, fair, fresh complexion, and mild though serious and thoughtful dark-blue eye.

The other was short and plump, with thick-set body, and limbs, and features, with thick, short-cropped, snow-white hair bristling from ear to ear, black and rather fierce southern eyes, keen and glittering behind his gold-rimmed spectacles, nervousness and restlessness in every motion, and endowed apparently with a youth as fresh and spirited as when, forty years before, he had let loose the vials of his elo-

quent wrath upon his quondam rival and present host. One of these old gentlemen was François Guizot, ex-prime-minister and histo-

er, President of the third French Republic. Such a meeting was a truly memorable one. It had been long since these two had met. One

had retired from public life for more than a quarter of a century. The other was still in the heat and thickest of the fight. The one had accepted his fall as final. The other had sunk again and again, only to be seen, after the catastrophe, swimming lightly on the topmost wave; and now still riding the whirlpool and storm of French politics. It must have been a strange pleasure for these two vigorous old men, so totally opposite in character, so wonderfully alike in their intellectual and physical preservation, to fight over, in chit-chat, the battles in which they were wont to engage each other when they were, in the old time, rivals for royal favor and popular applause. For more than twenty years these

two were the chiefs of two great hostile parties, and many had been the sharp passages at arms between them, when Citizen Orleans was king, when fiery little Thiers "thundered from the benches of the opposition," and the proud and courtly Guizot sonorously defended himself from the impetuous Provençal's attacks. What a period of vicissitude, of alternate victory and defeat, of dramatic events



Guizot

rian; the other was Adolphe Thiers, ex-prime-minister and historian, and who was also, when he sauntered along the avenues of Val Rich-

and perilous situations, it must have been their smiling pleasure to recall! Thus, while pacing the terraces of Val Richer, or lingering over choice wines in the wainscoted dining-room, the Hector and Achilles of the Orleanist era might calmly review the pregnant past, and compliment each other, with gracious French phrase, upon the prosperity and mellow fame of the evening of their days; and rejoice to find that they had lived long enough to become cordial guest and host.

The remarkable vitality of Guizot may be inferred from the fact that he was recently offered the post, which he occupied more than thirty years ago, of French ambassador at London. But the venerable statesman and author has wisely declined to reinvent the hurly-burly of political life. He has quite enough to do at home. His existence since his fall from power has been full of fruitful results, tranquilly achieved. He has calmly watched events from a distance, while engaged in social amenities and literary occupations, in supervising the education of his grandchildren, and steadily working upon his history of France. Now and then he has emerged from his elegant retirement to contribute a pamphlet to the political and social discussions of the day, to attend Protestant conferences as the redoubtable leader of the Calvinistic and orthodox party, to be present at the meetings of the French Academy, of which he is the Nestor, and where there has been no more active participant in the deliberations of the "Republic of Letters," and in the election of new "Immortals."

We have contrasted the personal traits of Guizot with those of Thiers. The incidents of their early careers were, however, singularly similar. It is true that Guizot, if not of patrician, was at least of highly-respectable family and origin, while Thiers was the son of humble and hard-working parents. But both began life as lawyers, and both abandoned a profession for which they had little taste, for the more exciting and rapid career of editorship. Both wrote themselves into influence and celebrity through the Paris newspapers; it was by the way of a sanctum that both entered, first the Chamber, and then the cabinet, and finally the much envied "arm-chair" of the Academy. Both began as Liberals, waging sharp editorial warfare against the policy of Charles X., and each doing his part to hasten the catastrophe of the Revolution of July.

Guizot's career, from the day when, in the year that Austerlitz was won, and the glory of Napoleon ascended to its zenith, he entered Paris to be called to the bar, till that when he fell from power and dragged down a throne and a dynasty with him, was as notable a one as that of any public character of this century. From 1812 to 1848, indeed, his history may almost be said to have been the history of France. The son of a flourishing advocate of Nîmes, who was guillotined as "suspect" when François was five years old, he was sent to Geneva to receive his education. This was regarded as the proper thing for the scion of one of the most rigidly Calvinistic of French families. At Geneva he laid the foundations of the vast and varied learning which no less surprised his contemporaries than his conspicuous abilities as a statesman. When, at

eighteen, he reëntered France—the fury of the revolution which had made him fatherless having spent itself, and the nation being now dazzled by an immense ambition—he was the master of German, English, and Italian, familiar with the classics, and already an eager student of history. His career at the bar was brief, and apparently profitless, and without mark. He was soon drawn into literary companionship, and began to write for the papers. Four years later we find him publishing an edition of Gerard's "French Synonyms," with a polished introductory of his own, which seems to have attracted attention. He followed up this by "Lives of the French Poets," an elegant translation of "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and "Annals of Education."

These productions seem to have won him an established reputation and enviable literary connections. Chateaubriand welcomed his talents with an unselfish ardor all his own; Madame de Staël lavished encomiums upon him, and begged him to write on; the keen eye of Napoleon had detected a skillful pen and a rising genius, and sought to engage him as an adherent of the empire.

Meanwhile a romantic event occurred, from which dates the real entrance upon his career as a power in French politics and literature. There is a remarkable similarity between the marriage of Guizot and that of Disraeli. The introducer of both to their future wives was that literary muse whose favor they both courted in early manhood. Disraeli's future wife was enchanted with "Vivian Grey" before she saw its author, and through the work loved the man. Guizot's love-romance was also begun before the man and wife to be had ever seen each other. Pauline de Meulan, a lady of old and noble family, and bearing a name already recognized as an ornament to French letters, was editing a magazine called *The Publicist*. Falling ill, she despaired of being able to supply sufficient matter to enable the magazine to appear with its accustomed regularity. Her relief was great and grateful, when an anonymous writer sent her, in the nick of time, some articles betraying ripe scholarship and a singularly striking and polished style. The articles continued to come and fill the dreaded gaps, until Mademoiselle de Meulan was able to assume her editorial labors. Her feminine curiosity was aroused, and she begged her unknown contributor to favor her with his acquaintance; whereon M. François Guizot modestly presented himself.

Guizot had long from afar admired the brilliant authoress in her writings, as Mrs. Disraeli had done the creator of "Vivian Grey." The acquaintance thus begun resulted in the marriage of editor and contributor, although the lady was fourteen years Guizot's senior. Mrs. Disraeli was about the same number of years the senior of the author of "Vivian Grey." Madame Guizot became her husband's companion, friend, adviser, comforter. Her celebrity was greater than his when they married, and kept apace with it throughout her life. She was the life and soul of the choicest literary coteries and salons of Paris during the reign of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.; the friend and confidante of

men like Chateaubriand, and women like Madame Récamier. She exercised a political as well as a literary influence.

Guizot had received the advances of the Emperor Napoleon with shyness and hesitation. For the Revolution and the Republicans he had nothing but haughty detestation; his father had been doomed by them, his family exiled, his friends and relatives scattered. But he was already a "doctrinaire," and could not accept imperialism with cordial zeal. He was then, as he is to-day, a constitutional monarchist of the formalist type. Beseated by Napoleon's ministers to enter his service, Guizot drew up a state paper on the subject of an exchange of prisoners between England and France, between whom war was then in progress. This was to be "a test of his fitness to serve Caesar." Submitted to Caesar, it proved far from satisfactory; it was full of remarks far from flattering to the empire, and plainly betrayed the writer's legitimate bias; and no further overtures came to him from the palace. But this does not seem to have affected him with an instant's regret; and his wife led him into more congenial company. Her relations with the royalist Faubourg Saint-Germain were intimate and influential.

The leading adherents of the Bourbonist cause cordially welcomed the accession she brought them in the person of her talented and already well-known husband. No sooner was "Louis of the Oysters" (as the witty Gauls took the habit of calling fat Provence) ennobled in the Tuileries after Moscow, than Guizot took office for the first time as Secretary-General of the Interior. His tenure of this place, however, was brief. One morning he found that Napoleon had exchanged Elba for the Tuileries again, and that the leaves and fishes were wanted for the imperialist faithful. The emperor's *regime*, however, does not seem to have been inimically disposed to the young author whom Napoleon had given up as incorrigible; for M. Fontanes, his enlightened Minister of Public Instruction, was sensible enough to appoint Guizot to the chair of Modern History at the Sorbonne.

This really seemed, for a long time, to be Guizot's true vocation. The fame of his brilliant and erudite lectures at the Sorbonne still lingers about that historic school: it is not certain that, although he has written much and finely since, his literary reputation will not chiefly rest upon those masterly productions. It was the students of the Sorbonne who were the first to listen with enthusiastic admiration to the eloquent chapters which now form "The History of Representative Government," "The History of Civilization in Europe," and "The History of Civilization in France."

Guizot never lost the professional manner acquired at the college-desk. He was the professor in politics when a minister of Louis Philippe, and lectured the opposition from the tribune much as he had done years before the unruly students of the Sorbonne. The utterances of the past few years from Val Richer have had no less the professional tone. The second restoration, while retaining him at the Sorbonne, opened to him anew the

portals of politics; and he resumed a subordinate place in the De Cazes ministry. He was a Liberal, and when the assassination of the Duke de Berri caused the fall of the Duke de Cazes, whom Charles of Artois charged with complicity in the deed, Guizot went into opposition with him. He began to write strong political pamphlets against the policy of Villèle, the new premier, and at last his strictures became so unpleasantly veracious that he was suspended for a while from his professorship. Good-natured "Louis of the Oysters" had passed away, and the narrow-minded bigot, Charles X., had succeeded to the throne.

During the three years that he was exiled from the Sorbonne, Guizot busied himself with literary projects which he had long had in contemplation. The two most notable of these was his "History of the English Revolution," which was received in England with as much respect as curiosity, especially as Guizot showed himself a zealous partisan of the settlement of 1688; and "Critical Notes and Essays upon Shakespeare." Before he resumed his college-desk, Madame Guizot died, and thus passed away before her husband had ascended to the higher plane of statesmanship. Martignac, in 1828, removed the prohibition to his lecturing, and he returned to continue his historical instruction.

But a more stirring life was in store for him. Guizot, so to speak, was an Orleanist long before there were Orleanists, just as he is an Orleanist now that the Orleanists are effete. A liberal monarchist, no one more bitterly opposed the despotic measures which King Charles, encouraged by Prince Polignac, pressed upon the country. The press ordinances, in his view, were gross violations of the charter to which the Bourbon family had subscribed when it was restored to power. Yet Guizot looked with extreme dread and misgiving upon the prospect of another revolution. He anticipated a repetition of the scenes of 1789-'94; the rule of an irresponsible and relentless terror; France once more plunged in stormy and sanguinary anarchy. Despite his opposition, and that of his party, the Revolution of 1830 was accomplished. It was almost bloodless; and the *bourgeoisie*, and not the mob, found themselves masters of the new situation.

It is here, at the threshold of the Orleanist dynasty, that Guizot and Thiers cross each other's paths. Thiers has really been the means of creating Louis Philippe king; Guizot, in that sovereign's first cabinet, becomes Minister of the Interior, the most important office, next to the premiership, in the government. Thiers is also in the cabinet, and the Duke de Broglie, father of the present statesman of that name. But soon changes occur: Soult becomes premier; Guizot Minister of Public Instruction, and Thiers goes into that fiery opposition which brings him into almost daily forensic conflict with his rival. Let us not fail to note that, while presiding over the department of education, Guizot effected a great reform by founding the system of primary instruction which, materially improved since, still prevails in France. The Sorbonne professor was a member of every cabinet under the Orleanist dynasty, with the

exception of a brief period when he was ambassador to London, from its foundation till its fall.

During its last seven years, he may be said to have ruled France with a rod of iron. The king was completely under his influence; the Assembly, elected under official pressure, submissively registered his will; in vain did Thiers, with the thrillingly impetuous eloquence which has not even yet lost its charm, impeach his arbitrary course in the tribune. Guizot in office was still the unbending *doctrinaire*. He clung obstinately to the letter of the law. Profoundly patrician, though a constitutionalist, he resisted reform, and vehemently refused to grant an extension of the suffrage. The rigid severity of his rule at last produced the result of which Thiers had warned him again and again.

But, while a monarchist and a *doctrinaire*, and inclined to take high-handed measures, as against Liberals and Republicans, he was far from being the advocate of the divine right of kings. His antagonism to the Bourbons is illustrated by one of the most memorable scenes which occurred in the Chamber during his tenure of office. The Count de Chambord, then a youth scarcely out of jackets, was residing in Belgrave Square, London. Thither a number of legitimists—among them M. Berryer, Chateaubriand, De Valmy, and the Duke de Fitzjames—repaired to pay their homage to the "child of France." All of these were deputies; and Guizot, who was prime-minister, regarded their visit to London as a treasonable and anti-dynastic demonstration. When they returned, he ascended the tribune of the Chamber, and for once, in the vehemence of his indignation, lost that haughty self-control which he usually preserved in the fiercest debates. He denounced the deputies with stinging invective and remorseless irony, and so exasperated them by his taunts, that several of the legitimist deputies sprang from their seats, rushed to the tribune, and tried to climb upon it as if to drag him down. Then, drawing his tall and slender form to its full height, his head raised contemptuously in the air, and modulating his voice to calm, clear, firm tones, Guizot uttered the famous sarcasm: "Come up, messieurs, come up; do what you will, you will never reach the height of my disdain!"

Perhaps the most notable event of his career of power was the negotiation of the celebrated "Spanish marriages," an act which nearly involved France and England in war. Isabella was wedded to her cousin, Don Francisco d'Assise, while her next younger sister, Marie, became the wife of the Duke de Montpensier, the fifth son of King Louis Philippe. It was the prospect which this afforded that there might some day be a French dynasty in Spain, that aroused the jealousy and protests of England. Within a little more than a year after Montpensier's marriage came the crisis of Guizot's rule. Unbending to the last, he committed the same fault which he had so eloquently stigmatized eighteen years before in Prince Polignac—this was a blindness to the needs of the hour, a deafness to the warning cry of the nation. The banquets, organized by the opposition, who were agitating

for electoral reform, were interdicted; the extension of the suffrage was persistently refused; then came the riot in the Paris streets, which swelled quickly to the dignity of revolution; the troops "fraternized" with the insurgents; the king fled; and the minister who had doomed the Orleanist dynasty was exiled thenceforth from public life. This was in February, 1848.

Guizot's qualities as a statesman were a singular combination of conspicuous excellences and conspicuous faults. He had force and vigor; he was incorruptibly pure and lofty in all his aims; his administration was effective and orderly; he was accomplished in drawing up laws, and able in their defense. Had he held office in times of tranquillity and the unquestioned tenure of royal power by the house of Bourbon, he would have probably been a great and successful minister. The philosophy of scientific politics, and such experience as he could derive from a long and zealous study of political history, he possessed more completely than any public man of his time, not even excepting Thiers and Royer-Collard. Endowed with a wonderful memory, an imposing though scarcely conciliatory presence, a clear, strong voice, and perfect self-possession, he was an able and effective debater, and had no rival among his colleagues as the spokesman of the cabinet in the Chamber. He relied upon the strength of his logic, rarely indulged in any rhetorical devices excepting those of irony and scornful ridicule, and was too proud and confident to use language to conceal his thoughts.

On the other hand, he was utterly wanting in the qualities which sway and lead men in harmonious and submissive masses. He had learned politics in the seclusion of the closet, and there he had buttressed his system of political theory with so rigid and formal a set of principles, that it was quite unmanageable by the rough forms and unlooked-for exigencies of public life. He never could learn—and seemed to disdain the attempt to learn—the art of humoring men, and of going with them a mile in the hope that they would then go with him three. To seek popular applause, to cajole and persuade the multitude, were arts as far beneath him as absolute political corruption. An idealist, he would yield nothing to the honest conviction of others. He would "do justice though the sky fell." He did it—and the sky fell indeed!

Thiers, on the other hand, was a popular orator, a man whose speech was florid, infectious, inspiring; and his life through has been the genius of expediency, compromise, and acceptance of the best thing attainable.

It is questionable whether Guizot has not derived the most gratifying triumphs of his life—certainly he has derived his most enduring fame—rather from his literary than his political achievements. His "History of Civilization" is a monument of erudition, of philosophical acumen, of elegant and lucid diction, of ripeness and soundness of thought. It has been translated into nearly every European tongue, even into Turkish; and it is used as a college text-book in Austria and America. His "History of the English Revolution," also written while he was at the Sorbonne, is accepted by Englishmen as a work

of authority and remarkable accuracy. His works comprise the labors of more than sixty years. Among them are "Democracy in France," published in 1849; "Inquiry into the Causes of the Success of the English Revolution," 1850; "Corneille and his Times" and "Shakespeare and his Times," 1852; "Essays on the Fine Arts" and "Love in Marriage," 1854; "Memoirs to serve for the History of my Time," in eight volumes, 1858-'67; "Academical Discourses" and "The Church and Christian Society," in 1861; and a translation of Prince Albert's public addresses. It is noteworthy that Guizot, although a Protestant of the strictest Calvinist type, has always advocated, from a political point of view, the temporal power of papacy; and "The Church and Christian Society" was written to support that view. It was as a matter of international expediency that he took ground which might be regarded as inconsistent with his own hereditary and zealous faith.

Thus the long years of the veteran statesman's exile from public life have not been profitless to himself or to others. That exile was from a thankless turmoil to the delights of a happy domestic circle, and what has always been to him that ever-keen and exhaustless satisfaction of study and literary pursuits. Among his more recent labors is a "History of France, related to my Grandchildren," all of which was written after he had passed his eightieth year, and which proved one of the most successful books published in France for many years—reaching a sale of more than one hundred and ten thousand copies.

At the time of writing this article he is engaged upon a "History of Spain," the materials of which he has been diligently collecting for twenty years; and, although approaching his eighty-eighth anniversary, his manuscript is described to be as legible as a school-boy's, as elegant as that of Junius, and almost as fair and unmarred by corrections as print. As the friend of Isabella II., the negotiator and accomplice of the Spanish marriages, and as one familiar for thirty years with all the phases of the hidden drama of European diplomacy, he is especially fitted to relate the strange story of Spanish splendors and vicissitudes.

A recent incident illustrates the pride and keen sense of honor which has always been a marked trait of Guizot. Emile Ollivier returned to Paris, in the latter part of 1873, after a self-imposed exile of three years from France, to take his seat in the French Academy. Guizot, the Nestor of the "Forty," opposed his admission, on the ground that his reception address contained a laudation of the Emperor Napoleon. The old man's bitterness aroused the ire of the Bonapartists, and, a few days after, a paper published to the world the startling intelligence that Guizot's son had accepted a present of fifty thousand francs from Napoleon III. to pay his debts. This was wholly without Guizot's knowledge, and he now first heard the humiliating fact that his son had been the willing object of the imperial charity. The venerable statesman, who had always sternly opposed the Napoleonic régime, and had haugh-

tily repulsed every effort on the part of the emperor to conciliate him, was stung to the quick. Overwhelmed with grief, he at once insisted upon restoring the sum to the widowed empress.

In his splendid collection of works of art he had a beautiful painting of Murillo, called "Le Petit Pasteur," the gift of Isabella, Queen of Spain. This he hastened to sell, receiving for it one hundred and twenty thousand francs. He then tendered the sum given to his son to Eugénie, who as promptly refused to accept it. But Guizot was not to be balked thus, and at once brought an action against the heirs of Napoleon III. to compel them to accept the fifty thousand francs. This is, perhaps, the only instance on record of a debtor suing his creditors for refusing to be paid.

Guizot spends the evening of his eventful days between his beautiful estate of Val Richer, where he is surrounded by every comfort, and the quaint old house in the Faubourg St.-Honoré, which has been his town-residence for more than half a century. Every month he spends at the latter place a week. The house is small and old-fashioned, and is of the date of Louis XV. "Imagine," says one who lately visited him there, "a small, square room, furnished in the true *rococo* style, and with two curious bay-windows looking out upon a small garden, laid out exactly as if Watteau had had a hand in it. All that was wanting was that the old man himself should be dressed in the costume of the eighteenth century, and the illusion that I had been suddenly transported into a scene of one hundred and twenty years ago would have been complete."

The same writer gives a vivid description of his personal appearance: "He was, though it was early morning, already dressed in faultless black, in which one always finds him, whether at his desk, in his family circle, or in his *fautuil* at the French Academy. Time has dealt gently with the grand old man. More than eighty-six years have passed over his head, and yet he stands erect, and his eyes, those wonderful eyes, which seemed to flash out a supernatural fire during his great speeches in the Chamber, were as brilliant as if he were a youth of twenty."

Guizot's daily habits are as vigorous as those of an energetic man of early middle life. He rises at six, takes a cup of coffee, reads the morning journals, and then goes to his desk, where he sticks until ten. Then he has his breakfast *en famille*. Returning to his literary labors, he remains with them until two, when he goes out for a brisk walk. It is "generally a long walk." "I do not go very fast," he tells his visitor, "but there is hardly an acquaintance of mine who can keep step with me." When in Paris, he goes daily to the Palais Mazarin, where he may be seen chatting in the pillared corridor, or sitting in the sessions chamber of the Institute, writing letters or discussing earnestly with some erudite veteran like himself. Memorable are the *soirées* of which the quaint old house in the Faubourg St.-Honoré is still the scene, as it was in the old days of Charles X. and Polignac. What French celebrity has not been a visitor within those antique walls? Chateau-

briand and Madame Récamier, Lafitte, Perier, De Broglie, Soult; Montalembert, Lamartine, and, years ago, Victor Hugo; Balzac and De Musset and Sue and Béranger; and, more lately, Thiers and Remusat, Dufaure and Edmond About, Feuilleton and Renan, have been among the long procession of Guizot's guests. Proud and haughty in public life, somewhat dogmatic in his writings, as a man of society he had always been distinguished for his courtly affability and his elegant hospitalities; and it is a praiseworthy feature of Guizot's green old age that his chief delight is in the companionship of his bright and charming grandchildren, with whom he spends the happiest hours of his life, and for whom he has written the most successful of his works.

THE SILVER LILIES.

III.

THAT on which people set the whole force of their determination they generally contrive to accomplish. Dr. Gaston had resolved that there should be friendship, or at least companionship, between Rhoda and his ward, and he brought it to pass, in spite of a very strong disinclination on Miss Burton's part. Minnie had a pretty voice, Rhoda was organist at the little church where, on Sundays, they all worshipped; and, out of this slender thread, Dr. Gaston was weaving a web of communication which promised all he could desire, when he suddenly awoke to a discovery that made him heartily wish he had let things alone altogether.

A child may set a stone rolling down-hill, but he is a wise man who can predict what it will strike in its descent, and a strong one who can arrest it in its course. Dr. Gaston had set the stone in motion in bringing Rhoda and Minnie together on speaking terms; more than this he could not do, for there seemed to be a natural repulsion between the natures of the two girls, and no interchange of visits appeared to be thought of; but more than this was soon done, without any assistance of his, and very much against his will. Where Miss Burton was, it was only natural that her betrothed should be; it was soon manifest that he was particularly fond of her society when it included that of Miss Lydiatt also; then that Rhoda's absence from the party could be patiently borne; then that the invitation never extended to her had been not only given to, but accepted by, Herbert Ffrench; and Dr. Gaston saw, when too late, that he had done mischief, as many meddlers do, never to be repaired.

It was no use to think about it now. He watched for any sign that Rhoda noticed or resented her lover's disaffection, but none was visible; perhaps he thought that, had he been in her place, he would have been more sensitive to the slight; but, then, you see, he judged her feelings by his own. Nothing could be said, nothing could be done. He must wait, breathless, until the ruin came upon her life and hopes that he saw approaching, and that he knew he had drawn upon her. Had Rhoda possessed the keen sight of love, the discovery must have been soon

made; as it was, she thought no more and no less of Herbert French than she had ever done. He, on his part, though yielding without a struggle to his new (or rather his first) passion, was careful to betray it as little as possible; he knew that, to break through his old engagement, to give up Rhoda and her expected inheritance, and to offer to his mother in her place as daughter a stranger with nothing at all, would be displeasing in the highest degree; so, for his own sake, he was silent for the present. A few honest, straightforward words from any one of the party would have set the whole complication to rights; but honest, straightforward words under such circumstances are very seldom spoken, and therefore matters continued in this unsatisfactory condition till the autumn was far advanced.

Rhoda avoided Dr. Gaston no more. His guard over himself was so vigilant that, even had she not been told of his preference for Miss Lydiatt, she would never for a moment have suspected that he entertained a thought for her: and she would not deny herself the pleasure, ay, and the profit, she derived from association with him. She saw him at her own home and at Aunt Faith's; she met him when engaged on charitable errands for the latter in the town; she heard of him as the honored companion of the best and the highest, and the friend of the poor; and she never saw reason to alter her opinion that she had found her ideal. She could be nothing to him—she must not even acknowledge to herself how she might have loved him; but, thank Heaven! there was no reason why she should not honor and revere him above all others while life should last.

One chilly, dreary day in October he came unexpectedly in. Rhoda sat on one side of the fire with her book, her mother dozed on the other with her knitting in her hands as an excuse for pleasant idleness. It was a cheerful picture, and as strong a contrast as possible to the discomfort without. Rhoda had trained herself by this time to meet Dr. Gaston without sign of emotion, but she fancied (was it only fancy?) that there was a slight discomposure in his manner—a shade of embarrassment upon him as they shook hands.

"I scarcely expected to find you at home at this hour," he said. "I thought I might have to wait for you. Is not this the afternoon for choir-practice?"

"Yes," said Rhoda; "but I have given up my duties as organist—resigned in favor of Miss Mason—and the day was so disagreeable that, as nothing but my own voice was in question, I yielded to the temptation of the fire and a new book."

He looked grave, or she thought so, and she said, gaily: "Do you despise me for my weakness, Dr. Gaston? Do you never give way to temptation yourself?"

"Too often, God knows!" he exclaimed, vehemently; "but I thought—"

"That I was above them! What an opinion you must have of me! Please correct it; I do not like to be rated higher than I deserve. No, I am afraid little temptations often prove too strong for me."

"And great ones?" he asked, with some agitation.

"I do not know; I have never had any. It is not likely that any thing worthy of the name of a great temptation will ever fall in my way."

"Who can tell?" he returned, more gravely still. "Why do we all pray against it, but that all are alike exposed to it, and all alike weak to resist? And very often temptation, like danger, when least thought of, lurks at our door."

There was a pause, in which the dropping fragments of the fire were audible. Rhoda did not reply.

"I am not much in the habit, Miss Burton," resumed Dr. Gaston, at last, "of asking favors; but I have come here to-day to ask one of you."

She looked at him in surprise, for his voice certainly trembled. "What is it? I hope you do not need to be told that I will grant it if I can."

"It is this. Mrs. Lydiatt has had a sudden attack to-day, from which she will never recover. She is not dying," he added, hastily, as both Rhoda and her mother gave utterance to an exclamation of dismay; "she will certainly linger, and she may even rally for a time—how long neither I nor any one else can say. My favor is this: will you come with me to poor Minnie? She is but a child, she is alone, and will soon be more lonely still. Come and give her a woman's comfort in her need."

Nothing could have been asked of Rhoda much more distasteful than this, nor could she understand it. Why should Minnie Lydiatt require any other comfort than Dr. Gaston could surely give?

"Does she wish me to go to her?"

"I wish it," replied he, with strong emphasis; "and she never disputes what I think for her good."

"Upon my word," thought Rhoda, "you are assuming your authority in time!" And she wondered if Minnie were as submissive as he believed.

It scarcely seemed real to her when, after a quick walk through the chill evening air, she entered Mrs. Lydiatt's house, for the first time, under Dr. Gaston's guidance. Minnie made but a faint show of welcome, but Rhoda was not surprised at that, nor did she bestow much thought upon her, for she saw that Dr. Gaston was strangely moved. She had never seen his calmness so desert him; he must have in his mind the thought that Minnie would soon be under his sole care, and pity for her and anticipation for himself produced his agitation. Rhoda's position was any thing but pleasant, but she consoled herself with the reflection that it could not last long. In spite of what Dr. Gaston had said, Minnie evidently stood in such slight need of comfort, there was so little to be done for the invalid, and that little she seemed so disinclined to let Rhoda do, that the latter, though scarcely liking to question any thing Dr. Gaston did, wondered why she had been brought there.

"I will leave you here, Miss Burton, for a short time. I have an engagement, but I shall return here at eight o'clock, and I will then take you home."

Rhoda did not object; he spoke so decid-

edly that it was plain he expected no opposition, and, thinking that she could slip away if she pleased before he appeared again, she considered it safest to make none.

He turned aside to look again at the invalid. She lay on a sofa before the fire, in a half-unconscious state, apparently knowing no one, but occasionally uttering a kind of moan.

"She does not rest easily," said Dr. Gaston. "Minnie, go up-stairs and bring her own cushion—the silk one—you know the one I mean."

There could be no doubt now about the trembling of his voice, and hand, too; but why should Mrs. Lydiatt's life or death be an event of such moment to him?

Minnie came down with the cushion. "Place it under her head while I raise her," he said, as he gave the pillow into Rhoda's hands. She took it carelessly, thinking less of what she was doing than of the sudden paleness that had come over Dr. Gaston's face, but as she did so her own changed, too. There was a shaded lamp on the mantel, and its light fell full upon the group—on the sick woman, on Rhoda, and on the cushion in her hand; she looked again, doubting if her eyes served her faithfully, for they showed her the counterpart of Aunt Faith's silver lilies.

Her face flashed a recognition. Dr. Gaston, watching her keenly, saw the change, and, unable to control himself, hastily quitted the room and the house.

His engagement was a peculiar one. He went out into the night, where the wind blew keen, and the stars were beginning to burn in the deep, cold sky; he took off his hat, and allowed the chill blast to strike upon his forehead and lift his hair; he paced up and down regardless of the dark and the cold. He had pleaded an engagement; but, if any waited for him that night, they waited in vain.

"If she should fail!" Something like this ran the thoughts that filled his brain and excited his heart. "I was a coward to put it off so long; but, now that it is done, I tremble. Why did I not speak myself? Have I so many ties in this life, are there so many I can revere, that I must needs risk the most precious of all? If she should prove less worthy than I believe her—if—and what is it to me whether or no?" he added aloud, with a short and bitter laugh. "What a fool you are, Bernard Gaston! What is she, what can she ever be, to you? Even if the shallow coward, who is not worthy to breathe the same air, desert her, what can it profit you? Is hers a heart to be transferred when its first affections have been betrayed?" He paused again. "And yet—Heaven grant she may prove true—that the noble nature may assert itself—and oh, that I could help her in the struggle she must undergo—in the fight that must be fought alone!"

Dr. Gaston was right in one respect. The mental and moral battles of life, the warfare all must wage with temptation and evil, must be fought unassisted and alone; with what strife and anguish of contest, what alternate confidence and despair, what trembling of the scale now to victory and now to defeat, only the combatant and one other may ever know;

but he did Rhoda injustice in believing that the present struggle would be severe—the present temptation any temptation at all.

Had he judged Rhoda by those rules which he would have applied to himself, where would have been his doubts? Or what doubts would he have had in the case of any other man of honor and honesty? Surely none; yet he half doubted Rhoda, because, and merely because, she was a woman. Is he the only one of his sex who has done so? Is he the only one who has been deeply and utterly mistaken? Women like Rhoda would shrink from a sordidly-gained advantage, would repudiate the suspicion of dishonor, as quickly as the proudest man alive.

At the moment her eye lighted on the silver lilies she knew the truth. She scarcely heeded Minnie's answers to her few questions; she scarcely heeded the name of Frankie Dawson in the old Bible Minnie said had been her mother's; she scarcely heeded the history of the silk—forgotten, for many a long year, among unclaimed possessions of its first recipient in her husband's English home, until restored to Minnie with the rest as her sole descendant, and by her fashioned into its present form—to be assured that she had recognized Aunt Faith's lost relative and true heir. To say that she was pleased would be to say what no one would believe. To give up the inheritance she had long looked on as her own must be a disappointment; to give it up to one she liked so little as Miss Lydiatt was more disagreeable still; but it never occurred to Rhoda that there could exist any other course for her than one—at once to proclaim the truth, and cede those rights she had hitherto considered hers, but which were hers no more. And let it be understood that she never imagined any other than herself to be in possession of the secret; she had no more idea that Dr. Gaston shared it with her, that he had brought her there with the express purpose and intention of communicating it to her, than she had of the state of his affections. It was perhaps fortunate for him that it was so. She would have felt little complimented by the experiment, or the suspicion the experiment implied.

As the invalid required no attendance, and as Minnie made no effort to be entertaining, Rhoda's thoughts were almost as free as though she had been alone. She sat watching Minnie's slender fingers as she toyed with some delicate work in the light of the high lamp, when a sudden idea came into her mind. Her very dislike of the girl, or rather the reason for that dislike, carried its own consolation. Miss Lydiatt was Dr. Gaston's choice—his betrothed; in yielding to her her expectations from Aunt Faith, she yielded them to Dr. Gaston, too.

As she made this imaginary discovery, her heart gave a glad leap. She remembered well how Dr. Gaston had spoken of his being a poor man, and how clearly he had implied that he had been at a disadvantage in consequence through life; this would now be set right, and that his gain should entail her loss made it yet more pleasant to her to think of it. Her disappointment lost all bitterness; she forgot it altogether in thinking of the benefit it would bring to him.

She sat lost in this new subject of contemplation when there came a knock at the street-door. She would have paid no attention to it, but that it roused her companion into instant animation. Before any one had time to answer it from any other part of the house, Minnie had sprung from her seat, and had hurried out into the hall—her haste so great that she forgot to shut the door behind her.

Rhoda heard the street-door open and close again, and the sound of greeting between Minnie and the person who entered; and then came a few words in a voice which, though curiously smothered, she thought she knew.

"Hush!" said Minnie, quick, but low; "she's in there."

"Who, my sweet one?" The voice was no longer smothered, and Rhoda knew it for that of Herbert Ffrench.

"Miss Burton—you intended." Minnie giggled as she said it, and Rhoda was sure she heard the sound of a kiss.

She would have risen to close the door, but was afraid of betraying how much she had already overheard; and, before she covered her ears with her hands (as she did), she had heard Herbert's next words.

"Let us go into the study, my pet, out of her way. My intended, you little witch! You know I have no intentions toward any one but you."

Into the study they went, leaving Rhoda to her own reflections, if reflections they could be called in a mind so stunned as hers. It is a common expression of astonishment to say that we feel as though the earth had opened at our feet; but no material chasm could have amazed Rhoda as did the gulf of perfidy which suddenly yawned before her. That Herbert Ffrench did not love her as she required to be loved she knew; that he should leave her affected her but little; but that he should, while still outwardly holding to his engagement with herself, and refusing to cancel it, have clandestinely won the affections of another, and that other the betrothed of his friend, was a depth of treachery that Rhoda's mind could not fathom. She would have believed it on no other testimony, but the words had been too plain to be mistaken.

And what of his partner in the deceit—the girl who, having been crowned with the glory of Dr. Gaston's love, could cast it from her, could reject the gold and snatch at the tinsel gawd! For her Rhoda could feel but one sentiment—contempt; but her mind soon passed from her to the one sufferer who would feel most the discovery that must soon be made.

She could not doubt the effect, on a nature like Dr. Gaston's, of the loss of the woman he loved, and that loss so revealed to him. He who had been always poor was now to be deprived of the best treasure earth could contain for him; the victim of disappointment was to experience a heavier disappointment than any ever known before; he who had felt the want of appreciation was to find himself rejected and despised for one in all respects immeasurably below him. Her heart sank and bled already at thought of what he must feel.

Was there no hope but it must be so? Were there no means of avoiding the impending stroke? Perhaps. Rhoda believed there might be one way.

She was quite sure that Miss Lydiatt's lack of fortune was the reason of the secrecy observed, and that on the announcement of her improved prospects all necessity of concealment would cease. Should she keep the knowledge so lately gained to herself for a short time, till Mrs. Ffrench's opposition, Minnie's faithlessness, or Dr. Gaston's urgency, had changed the face of circumstances again?

It would not do—she could not reconcile concealment to her conscience—her strong sense of right and justice could not be twisted even by her love. The fortune was Minnie's; she had a right to the knowledge as well as to the possession of it; she might be shallow; she might be double-dealing; she might be insensible of the honor done her; she might be careless of her own happiness and truth: all this might be true, but it could not justify Rhoda in a suppression of the facts, or a deviation from the right. "Do not evil, that good may come," says our mother-tongue; "Fais ce que tu dois, adieu que pourras," is the French admonition. Rhoda knew them both, and knew that she must follow their dictates, whatever the cost.

But it was not a pleasant hour that she spent alone—alone, but for the presence of the sleeping invalid. She heard Herbert Ffrench depart after a time, but Minnie did not return to her, for which she was devoutly thankful; her society could not, just then, have been patiently endured; and she remained with her own thoughts for sole company until Dr. Gaston came back for her at the appointed time.

He looked at her earnestly. What did he expect? Certainly not that she should make a confidant of him. To read her mind? Rhoda was not one whose mind could be read in her face at any time. She was very silent as they walked together, and he felt too deeply anxious on the subject of her thoughts to be able to speak much on any common topic; so that a few remarks on Mrs. Lydiatt's state and on the brightness of the stars, and a marked carefulness, on Dr. Gaston's part, of her path and her security from the chill wind, were all that Rhoda had to remember of the homeward road. Dr. Gaston would not enter the house, but bade her good-night at the gate, and left her. How little did he think as he did so what thoughts of him filled her mind! How little did she imagine, as she watched him disappear in the darkness, that for her and her only he was anxious and disturbed! How could she suppose that what he was grieving over for her sake was to prove the source of her great and enduring happiness? How could she foresee that the duty which she felt to be certainly the hardest she had been called on to perform was to be its own exceeding great reward?

IV.

NINE days is, I believe, the period of wonder allotted to the discussion of unexpected and unforeseen events; but nine days did not exhaust the gossip of Arranville when such

choice food was given to it as was supplied in the disclosure that took place a few days after Rhoda's visit to Mrs. Lydiatt's house. Her disinheritor, Minnie's heiress-ship, the rupture of her long engagement with Herbert Ffrench, and the transference of his devotions to Miss Lydiatt, were morsels too delightful to be digested in a hurry. Those who "could never believe it," and those who had "always expected something of the sort;" those who sympathized with Rhoda under the loss of lover and fortune, and those who thought, if they did not say openly, that her pride and coldness had deserved some such fate; those who flattered Minnie and congratulated her, and those who despised while they envied her, alike made it their theme of thought and conversation; and talk was still rife, and interest was still fresh, when three weeks had passed away.

Perhaps the one who suffered most under the discovery was Aunt Faith. She had never liked Minnie—she adored Rhoda; justice must be done, but the doing of it was more unpleasant to her than she ever confessed. To be obliged, to a great extent, to dispossess her favorite, and to have thrust upon her as relative and heiress one so unwelcome as Miss Lydiatt, was a bitter draught to swallow; and, though she knew that Herbert's defection was no grief to Rhoda, others could not know it, and she felt the slight and the insult far more than the principal person concerned. She dreaded the time when she must receive Minnie as her companion and the inmate of her house, as she must do on Mrs. Lydiatt's death, an event now close at hand; but she comforted herself with the thought that her charge of her would not probably be long.

What of Rhoda? She had thought she should be satisfied if freed from her engagement, and that she should not regret the loss of her expectations if it brought about that desirable result. Was she satisfied, now that her wishes were fulfilled? Not at all. She felt the pity in the looks and tones of her friends, and chafed under it; she chafed yet more at expressed sympathy, and knew that her denials of its necessity were doubted as she uttered them. It was not pleasant to be the object at once of slight and commiseration; and, besides, she had never desired to suffer by proxy in the faithlessness of Dr. Gaston's love as well as her own. Rhoda found that the gratification of desires does not always bring satisfaction; when she had contemplated the possibility of certain events, she had conjectured them as happening in her own way. Was she very different in this from the rest of the world?

She would not have confessed it, but no doubt she was conscious of some disappointment at never having seen Dr. Gaston since the night she had learned the secret. Of course she could put but one interpretation upon it, and she grieved for the grief she supposed him to feel. He had never come near either her or Aunt Faith, and she had never met him abroad; she sometimes wondered whether she were ever to meet him again, or whether the estrangement were intentional on his side. Could she, unknown to herself, have given him cause of offense? As the

idea crossed her mind, she resolved to ask an explanation on the first opportunity.

The opportunity was some time in coming. Severe autumnal weather set in and restricted Rhoda's excursions from home. Mrs. Lydiatt died and was buried, and Minnie came home to Aunt Faith for the short time that must elapse before her marriage; where she was, Mr. Ffrench naturally was, too; and, as intercourse between him and Rhoda was necessarily awkward, she resolved to court it as little as possible, and refrain from visiting Aunt Faith while her unwelcome guest remained with her. While absenting herself thence, she did not like to visit at other places, and consequently lost all chance of meeting Dr. Gaston accidentally; and of any thing else, as time went on, she lost all hope, being sure that she must have offended him, and that he would not come unasked to her home.

But one dark and gloomy day, early in December, she had walked into town on some errands for her mother; and, having on the way encountered the lovers driving together, she eagerly embraced the opportunity of finding Aunt Faith alone. As she paused with her hand on the latch of the gate, she caught sight of a well-known figure approaching; and, recognizing with a bound of the heart that her desire was within her reach at last, she waited, and, as he came up, held out her hand.

There was no change in the quiet, equable manner; there were no signs of grief, either, endured or overcome in the grave, calm face; there was no difference in the tones of the firm voice, or in the pleasant look of the earnest eyes. Rhoda put away as childish all idea that she could have influenced or offended him, and her resolution of speaking on the subject faded into air.

"Were you coming to see Aunt Faith?" she asked. "She will be so glad, for she has missed you of late."

"Indeed? Well, it is pleasant sometimes to think that our friends miss us; but I am afraid I must claim no credit for good intentions, for I was not going to call on her to-day."

"Then you will deserve the more if you come. Aunt Faith is quite alone," she added, believing she knew the cause of his hesitation. "Besides, it is going to snow," she continued, looking up at the sky, "and you may as well take shelter. And it is so long since we have seen you!"

Was there any thing in her face or in the tone of her last words to cause the sudden and eager look he cast on her as she uttered them? Who knows?

He did look at her, however, and, without another word of opposition, followed her into Aunt Faith's presence.

She welcomed him cordially, and the conversation for some time flowed, as far as was under the circumstances possible, in its old channels; but there was a constraint on all of them not to be concealed or overcome. Where the minds of all were engrossed by one subject, other topics could not but fall flat; and, after striving in vain to put an end to the embarrassment, Aunt Faith thought it better, as she said, "to speak what was in

their minds, and not out of them." Affairs of the heart could not, of course, be touched on, but money was not too delicate a subject to be handled freely.

"I believe I have not seen you, Dr. Gaston, since the acquisition of my new relative. I have to thank you for your care of her."

"Miss Lydiatt's interests were always dear to me," he answered, gravely. "Her father was my most intimate friend. I am glad she has found so efficient a protector."

The words bore a double meaning, as he remembered as soon as he had uttered them: an awkward silence ensued, and lasted till Aunt Faith broke it.

"I was always candid, Dr. Gaston, and, as far as that goes, I must say that, though of course I am glad to be of service to Minnie, I was very well content with the niece I had, though she was no kin. Does she not bear her disappointment well?"

Had Rhoda been given to blushing, she would certainly have colored at these words, and the look that Dr. Gaston bent upon her. As it was, she only tried to stop her friend's mouth as soon as possible.

"Hush, dear Aunt Faith! You know it is no disappointment."

"I know you say so, child, but that's another matter. I know what the world usually thinks of such things, and I know that some would not have acted, and few would have thought, as well as you have done."

"I do not think Miss Lydiatt has yet taken all your affection from me, Aunt Faith; and, while I keep that, why should I envy her her own?"

"Bless me, child!" said Aunt Faith, hastily kissing her, "do you suppose any one can ever take from you a particle of my regard? And I am sure I hope I still have something else for you besides. But still you know the loss of a tolerably good inheritance is not generally considered a pleasant thing to bear, and I give you some credit for bearing it so well.—Don't you think she deserves it, Dr. Gaston?"

"I think there are very mistaken notions on that subject as on many others," said Rhoda, with some heat. "I know that some people do pity me for what is in reality no misfortune, and I am not grateful for it."

Dr. Gaston had sat till now a silent listener, but with keen observation in his face and eyes.

"Would you, then, reject sympathy and pity, Miss Barton? I should not have supposed so," he said, at last.

"Sympathy, no, in its proper place; pity, yes, always. Sympathy is given you on your own level—pity implies superiority. And why do I want either?" she added, with some eagerness. "Pity is for misfortune; why should my loss of what I do not need, and what was never mine, require pity? Sympathy is for sorrow; and why should sympathy be offered me when I have not a sorrow in the world?"

Dr. Gaston looked at the earnest face, the deep eyes kindling with the strength of feeling which the speaker expressed. Was the light that spread over his face the reflection from hers, or the visible sign of a hope new-born in his heart? He made her no answer in

words, and Aunt Faith, thinking enough had been said, changed the conversation. In a short time Rhoda, beginning to dread the return of Minnie and her betrothed, rose to go, and bade her farewell; and Dr. Gaston departed at the same time.

She expected him to leave her at the gate, as their roads lay in different directions, but to her surprise he turned her way and walked by her side. Why, she could not see, for in the space of ten minutes he uttered no word. All at once he stopped. She looked up.

"Miss Burton, will you answer a strange question?" he asked.

"Surely—if I can."

"Did you speak the exact truth just now when you said you had not a sorrow in the world?"

"Certainly. And surely they are not so pleasant that, having none in reality, you would expect me to feign them?"

"How shall I say it?" he said, not noticing, or at all events not replying to, her smile. "Will you promise me you will not be offended if I speak?"

"Offended! How can you think so?"

"Will you tell me—it is of the last importance to me—may I think—can I believe that your loss—" He broke down altogether.

"Dr. Gaston, are you like the rest? Can you, too, believe that the giving up of a little wealth is so bitter to me? I hoped that you, at least, knew me better—that you judged me more truly."

"Would you know how I judge you?" he exclaimed, passionately. "I did not mean that; but—the other—oh, cannot you guess what I would say? My ward, Minnie—her marriage—"

Where were Dr. Gaston's gravity and composure now?

Rhoda understood, at last, and for once a crimson stain dyed the pale cheek and forehead; but she spoke bravely and steadily. "I am glad she should be happy; and her happiness is no grief or loss to me."

"None at all?" he eagerly asked. "Then may I believe that Mr. Ffrench's rejection of the priceless blessing that might have been his—"

This was rather too much for even Rhoda's patience. "Perhaps the rejection was not all on his side," she said. "As so much has been said, you shall know it all. The loss of Aunt Faith's fortune was welcome to me, because it released me from a most unwelcome tie."

"Why did it exist if unwelcome? Forgive me for asking. If you knew—"

"The engagement was made for me long ago, and I have long since repented it. I was never suffered to break it, but I would never have fulfilled it. You may guess how little I regretted that the rupture should come from him."

Dr. Gaston stood for a moment as if allowing the new and delightful truth to sink into his heart. Rhoda would have moved on, but he took her hand.

"You must know what I have to say next," he said, in a low, tender tone. "You must know that only my great mistake has kept me silent so long. Miss Burton—Rhoda—may I hope that, at some future time, you

may give me the love that another was not fortunate enough to win?"

The words were out, the long misunderstanding was ended at last, and Rhoda stood face to face with her great happiness. Assurance made her bold, and, with perhaps a mischievous desire that he should not feel too secure of conquest, she answered his last words with a shake of the head.

"Oh, my one love, you do not reject me? Why may I not hope, if you are free?"

The tone thrilled her to the core. "Because," she said, and the eyes that had hitherto looked in his face drooped and veiled themselves, "because you have nothing to hope for, and I am not free. All the regard I have to give you is yours now."

The snow had begun to fall; but what cared they for the snow? The gloomy winter landscape bloomed with fairy beauty, the keen December wind shouted the requiem of all doubt, distrust, and fear. Too happy to ask for explanations of the past, too happy even to think of the future, they pursued their way in that eloquent silence which is the "perfectest herald of joy."

Indeed, what need of words? What language could express the first interchange of two hearts such as these? What utterance would suffice for that crowning moment of existence when there breaks on two such souls the knowledge of a love returned? Few ever really know the holy ecstasy of such a moment; not many can even understand it; with none, alas! can it endure. It must be so, painful as may be the waking from the dream. Could such joy last on earth, who would strive for heaven?

"Why did neither you nor Minnie ever tell me you were not engaged?" asked Rhoda, as, explanations over at last, they stood that evening before the fire, where Mrs. Burton had mercifully left them to themselves. "It would have saved so much mistake."

"Did you ever ask, dear child? How could we deny before we were accused? Why did you never tell me you did not love Herbert Ffrench? We each took too much for granted, dearest, like the rest of the world."

"Do you remember," said Rhoda, after a short pause, "that evening last summer when you were at Aunt Faith's, after the thunder-storm?"

"Do I remember!" He took the white hand that lay on his breast and kissed it. "Do I remember the first day that I knew that I loved you?"

"Do you remember what you said of your life? Can you forget your past disappointment now?"

"Forever! Life can disappoint me no more, since it has given me you."

"Are you unappreciated now? Or can you believe that I appreciate you?"

He made no answer in words, but this time he kissed more than the hand.

"But you are poor still, Bernard," she said, calling him for the first time by his name, with a pretty hesitation. "I wish I had more to give you. Ah, you would have had a richer wife but for Aunt Faith's silver lilies!"

"Perhaps, but for them, I should have had none at all," he rejoined, with a smile. "Yes, Rhoda, for your sake I can still think myself poor; but I am rich beyond all the world's wealth in possessing you. Ah, those lilies! What do I not owe them!"

"Do you think, vain man, that you are indebted to them for me?"

"I owe to them my knowledge of your worth, my darling; I owe to them my present happiness, my distrust of myself, and my perfect trust in you."

"What do you mean, Bernard? Will you tell me what you mean?"

"Perhaps, my dear one, some day."

But it is much to be doubted if Dr. Gaston ever will.

R. ROTHWELL.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

I.

IT was winter. He sat on the topmost spray of the wild-orange, and swayed gently back and forth to the breathing of the crisp December air, which was too light to ruffle even the softest of the downy feathers that guarded his breast from the cold. True, the cold was not much to talk about, after all, for there was not a cloud in the clear blue sky, nor a skim of ice on the brook, which, to judge by its rippling laughter, must have been whispering funny secrets to the little white pebbles in its bed; and the broad, cheery face of the sun glowed with the hearty warmth of a Christmas-fire. Call this cold! Why, the robin almost fancied it was summer, and would have ventured on a song, only the heavy snow-storm which drove him southward had left him too hoarse to utter any thing sweeter than a rough squeak; and the mallard drake, who was glancing the beautiful glossy green of his head in the sunlight, as he floated on the pond with his three brown wives, would have laughed at the idea, for he had felt frost hard enough to curl up the feathers of his tail so that they never would get straight again. The mocking-bird did not mind them, however, as he swung on his airy perch; nor did he mind the cold either. He loved the wild-orange because it was the only bright-green thing in the landscape, although there was just a little too much blue in its shading, and the hard glaze of its leaves had an icy look. Perhaps he loved it, too, because its black, pulpy berries had been shriveled and sweetened by the touch of that same frost. He turned his sleek head a little to one side, and dropped three or four slight, mewling notes. If you had not seen him, you might have wondered how the tortoise-shell kitten had strayed so far from the house; but he was only thinking of the pair of cat-birds which had built their nest last spring in the scuppernong arbor near his own. Then he ruffled up his feathers a little, and began to sing—quite lazily, though, as if he only thought it right to be doing something pleasant on a bright day like that. It was not an original song, by any means, and it differed entirely from that of his rival across the ocean, the night-

ingale, inasmuch as it had no theme. There was no ever-recurring melody coming back again and again in different time through the mazes of a thousand fanciful variations. But ah, the harmony! that was wonderful. The dream-music of Kubla-Khan was nothing to it. But it was only a winter-song, and therefore not very loud and not very jubilant, and altogether a very different thing from what you shall hear when the woods are whitened with the snowy dogwood-blossoms, and glitter with the golden flash of the jasmine. Now he began to mock the robins that were fluttering in and out among the green leaves below him. At first an old cock, with a deep claret-colored breast, seemed disposed to resent the impertinence, but he remembered that the mocking-bird had never heard *his* song among the cherry-trees of his Northern home, and, with a squeaking laugh, he set to work again to see how many wild-orange berries he could swallow without falling down in a choking-fit. A flock of wax-wings were lisping their single notes in the neighboring cedar, and he let the robins alone, and put that in his song. Then he heard some blue-birds on the bare limbs of the sassafras saying "Purity! purity!" and he listened for a moment, and put that in too. Suddenly he stopped, shook himself, turned his head saucily to one side again, and fixed his bright black eye upon the path through the willows down by the edge of the swamp, for he heard a man whistling, in clear, flute-like notes, the opening bars of "Listen to the Mocking-Bird." For a while he seemed half disposed to try that too, but, as the notes came loud and fast, he changed his mind, and, opening his wings with a graceful sweep, flew off to his favorite retreat among the lilac-bushes in the garden. And then John La Bruce rode by the old wild-orange tree, with a long, double-barreled gun resting on the pommel of his saddle, a great deal of mud on his corduroy leggings, and a very fine wild-turkey, with a beard six inches long, hanging from the crupper. He stopped whistling, to chide his mare for shying as a little striped pig left off rooting, and rushed, grunting, under her nose; and, opening the yard-gate, rode slowly up the avenue, and hitched her to the horse-rack.

"I say, Quash!" he called from the broad piazza to the boy who was leading Bet to the stable, "put the boys' saddle on Punch, and carry that turkey over to Belle Isle. Tell Mrs. Allison I'll come and carve it for her on Christmas-day. And halloo, Quash, mind you don't ruffle those tail-feathers; Miss Katie might want a new fan."

When John La Bruce had finished his dinner, he felt too much the fatigue of his morning's hunt to go out-of-doors; for the gobbler was old and cunning, and it had taken a deal of creeping through the canebrakes, and several hours of watching in cramped positions behind old stumps and fallen logs, to get the better of him and hang him to the crupper. So John drew up an easy-chair close to the fire in the library, took down a volume of Froissart, stretched his legs on another chair, lit a cigar, and, with a single glass of curious old madeira at his elbow, began to turn the pages of the old chronicle. There were three or four family portraits on

the wall: a saucy girl-face by Gilbert Stuart; a very artistic but rather livid old gentleman in ruffles, by Peale; and a lady, dignified and beautiful, in the soft and delicate drapery which Copley knew how to paint. Just over the half-closed door, where his eye would rest on it when raised without effort from his book, hung a boldly-drawn and somewhat highly-colored likeness of his ancestor, old Jacques Le Serrurière, the Huguenot, painted in France by his wife, according to a family tradition, and brought over by the refugees when the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had forced them to seek an asylum from persecution on the wild shores of Carolina.

The glass of madeira had become empty; the cigar had grown so short as to endanger the smoker's curling, black mustache; the knights and ladies of old Sir John began to get very misty in the haze of fragrant smoke, and, somehow, it seemed as if Jacques Le Serrurière was mixing himself in the crowd. At any rate, John's half-closed eyes were fixed upon the picture, and this is what he saw:

The wall receded some hundreds of yards, and its green and drab papering became ivy-covered stones. The frame lengthened down to the door-way, and was now a richly-carved window in a castle-tower, while the figured carpet stretched itself out into a broad terrace, green with a closely-shaven turf, and gay with the many-colored bloom of flowers. The handsome Frenchman stood with his plumed cap in his hand, and watched the window with an eager and passionate look. After a little while he stooped and picked a flower, pressed it to his lips, then fastened it in the brooch on his velvet cap, and walked slowly away. Now, all this was a dream. Was John La Bruce in love? The stump of the cigar had made a little whitish mark on the rep-cushion as it fell on the arm of the chair, and rolled off on the hearth; but the smoke seemed to hide out the castle and terrace for an instant, and, when it cleared off, the scene had changed. A broad field was crowded with people dressed in quaint, antiquated costumes, except where a space in the centre was boarded off with a low but strong partition. There were men in trunk-hose and slashed doublets, and women in short petticoats, tight, square-cut bodices, and strange head-gear, all pressing to the barrier, which was guarded by stout fellows in steel caps and leathern jerkins, armed with double-headed axes, and broad, short-bladed daggers. Near the centre of the lists was a high wooden platform, filled with ladies in gay attire, and at one end was a large tent, before which a spear was planted bearing a fluttering silken pennon. Just in front of this, pawing the ground impatiently, stood a horse with spiked frontlet and flowing caparison, on which sat a knight in full armor, a blue silken scarf bound to his helmet, his small, triangular shield hung round his neck, his visor closed, and his long lance resting on the point of his steel-shod foot. At the opposite end the barrier opened, and another knight rode in and took his place. He, too, was armed in plate, but his casque displayed no plume or colors save a little faded red flower. There was a stir among the crowd, and a sudden pressing toward the barrier. The lances fall into rest; the glittering hel-

metts bow toward the chargers' crests; the dust rises in clouds as the horses rush together and meet with a shock in the middle of the lists; the lances bend and fly into fifty shivers, and the blue scarf goes down beneath the hoofs of the fallen steed. A shield is laid upon the truncheons of four spears, and the wounded knight is borne off to his tent, while he of the flower rides proudly toward the stand, where he halts and bows to the saddle-peak. A lady steps forward and tenders a coronet of flowers, and the warm blood mantles over the sleeper's brow as he recognizes her face. Then it is all misty again for a moment, and two figures are sitting in very close proximity under a tree which strangely resembles the old pecan in the garden at Belle Isle. A nightingale sends out a quash of song from the thicket, and John La Bruce opens his eyes with a yawn. It was only the mocking-bird who had been dreaming in the lilacs, and woke up singing because he thought the spring had come again.

"Heigho! why, it's nearly five o'clock! I believe I'll ride over and see Katie Allison."

And he did ride over, and was duly thanked for the turkey, and was surprised to find that the tail was "perfectly splendid," and was just what Katie had been wanting, for she had not a decent fan to her name.

"Have you really no fans, Miss Katie?"

"The last one was worn out last fall, and I can't bear those horrid palmetto things. Oh, I'm ever so much obliged to you, Mr. La Bruce!"

"But you don't want a turkey-tail for church; it's too large, and looks old-ladyish. I'll try and shoot you enough cormorants to make a crimped one."

Now this was a pretty serious obligation to assume, for by "cormorants" he meant snake-birds, or "water-turkeys," as they are called in Florida, and they are as scarce in Carolina as they are plentiful in the Land of Flowers. Each bird has only two crimped feathers in his tail, and it takes just sixteen to make a fan. It was a bold offer; but when Miss Katie said, "Oh, thank you, Mr. La Bruce! that'll be splendid!" if the water-turkeys could have seen John's face they would have started for Florida to visit their cousins the flamingoes. And then dear, good, old Mrs. Allison went to see if her bread was rising, and forgot to come back. And after a while Minnie went to see what had become of mother; and she forgot to come back, too. And then John moved over to the sofa where Katie was sitting, because the light was just in his eyes. And then—well, he had to put Bet in the stable himself when he got home. And the noise he made in getting through the back window woke up the mocking-bird, who found it was moonlight, and began to sing. He went for the robins and bluebirds again; then he made fun of the woodpecker and the jays; then he stopped, tried the first three notes of "Listen to the—" stopped again, gave it up, and settled himself to sleep.

It was Christmas-day, and snow was on the ground. Not in the road-way, nor on the sunny side of the fences, for it was only a Southern snow, and rested lightly on the dead leaves in the hollows, and on the north-

ern base of the trees, and frosted the dead grass on the grave-mounds around the old brick church. Every year it came from heaven and rested for a little while on those old graves, and covered up their earthiness with its pure white mantle, as if the angel of charity were hovering over them, and spreading his beautiful wings over all the sins which they hid; and then it was gone like the lives which had melted there long ago. The empty carriages were rolled together under the trees; the horses, fastened to swinging limbs, with the knotted traces thrown over their backs, stood lazily in the sunshine, with drooping ears and half-closed eyes. The brush-fire crackled merrily, while the coachmen and gate-boys spread their horny fingers to the blaze, and a gray squirrel sat in the fork of the large hickory with his tail curled over his back, turning the nut which was to be his Christmas-dinner. Within, the old church was fresh with green festoons of cedar and ivy wreaths, and red with the glow of holly-berries, and two vases filled with the Christmas-rose were standing on the fair linen of the altar. Merry-eyed children were thinking less of the service than of the unopened packs of fire-crackers at home, and the huge plum-pudding that was to be set upon the table in a blaze of burning brandy. Two young people, at least, were mingling their rich voices with the swell of praise which went up from the congregation, half doubting if the wild pranks of the morning and the social dance of the night were altogether consistent with the solemn worship of the day. But they saw it all, and their minds grew easy, as the preacher told them how heaven is a joyous place, and that the Good Master, whose birthday they were celebrating, loves to see his children happy in all timely and innocent mirth. It was noticed by some that day that John La Bruce took Katie Allison home in his buggy, and some thought they found great difficulty in gathering the few little bunches of mistletoe which they brought home to deck the hall, for they did not arrive for a full hour after everybody else was comfortably seated in the snug parlor of Belle Isle. But the mocking-bird sat on the old Lombardy poplar by the avenue-gate, and poured out a rich song of welcome to them as they drove gayly up to the door.

II.

It was spring. The woods were ablaze with the yellow bloom of the jasmine, and the air was burdened with its rich perfume. The white flowers of the dogwood mingled everywhere with the many-shaded verdure of the forest foliage; the gray moss hung in heavy masses from every limb of oak and cypress; the odor of the snowy bay-blossoms went up from the margin of every stream. The broad savannas and wooded glades were alike carpeted with flowers of a thousand brilliant hues; the fields were rich with the dark-blue green of the waving corn-leaves, and the lighter shade of the young cotton. The fences were hidden by the trumpet-vine with its clusters of dull-red flowers, and even the bare sand-wastes were making a feeble effort at floral decoration, by covering them-

selves with blackberry-blossoms and shooting up the pale-yellow spikes of the moth-mullein. Life, active and joyous, teemed everywhere—in the waters, on the earth, and in the air. The drowsy hum of bees pervaded Nature. The gaudy dragon-flies dipped at the floating chips, and the hungry bass rushed up with a splash at the dragon-flies. The bright little sunfish darted across the brook, or rested suspended in its crystal current with palpitating gills and gently-waving fins. The squirrels barked merrily from the branches and scurried up the tall, smooth stems of the pines. The belted king-fisher creeled his shrill notes as he swept in undulating flight across the pond. The martins sailed and twittered high up in the balmy air, and the king-bird called out his saucy challenge as he fluttered in pursuit of the passing butterflies, and beat them savagely on the branches. The red-bird flitted like a scarlet meteor through the alders, and whistled his soft, sweet song; and the mellow cadence of the wood-thrush, unseen among the dense foliage of the swampy thickets, came on the ear like the ghost of some departed melody. But among all the happy singers the mocking-bird was king. Perched on the highest twig of the lilac-bush, he seemed the very incarnation of song. The nightingale's only advantage was lost, for now he had a theme. True, it was none of his own, for he had borrowed even that from his poor relation the brown-thrush; but the brown-thrush himself scarcely recognized it as his own, and, when at last he did, fell to croaking discontentedly at the thought that he never could sing it so; for the mocking-bird had taken the simple little thing and put a great soul into it. He treated it as Thalberg did "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, Sweet Home," or as Vieuxtemps would have treated "The Blue Bells of Scotland." First he warbled it over with an exquisite sweetness of tone, trilling and shading with an expression and pathos that was just wonderful. Then he drew out a stronger stop, and gave it, with the time changed, bar by bar, throwing in between the very choicest *morceaux* from the master-pieces of the great composers of the grove and fields. Now it was the summer pipe of the partridge, and now the soft plaint of the chuck-willow; then he drew from the scores of the song-sparrow and the chat, and again from the meadow-lark, the pee-wee and the gold-finch. Katie Allison's canary and John La Bruce's flute paid tribute in turn to the marvelous performance, and still the brown-thrush's simple ditty wound like a silver thread through them all. Brighter and brighter grew his eye, and louder and faster fell the notes, as his throat swelled and his form dilated and his wings quivered in the delirium of musical enthusiasm. Now he rose from the tree with tail expanded and gently-beating wings, carried upward by the elevating power of his own melody; and still he hovered and still he sang, until all the air around him was filled with a spray-cloud of melody, which fell like a shower of molten silver on the listening earth beneath him. He flitted in ecstasy from twig to twig; he made short flights to the neighboring trees and back; but the song never ceased for an in-

stant. There was an inspiration somewhere which filled his bird-soul with the very spirit of song; but it was not in the beauty of the young-leaved woods, nor the flowered loveliness of the fields; it was not in the glory of the vernal sunbeams, nor the rippling music of the brook. Just where the two strongest stems of the lilac parted and made a comfortable fork, was a curious structure of twigs and moss and slender sedge, deeply cupped and lined with soft grasses and patches of wool and scraps of paper—old love-letters, perhaps—and shreds of cloth; a nest, in fact, as motley in its materials, but as perfect and harmonious in its completeness, as the wonderful music of his song; and in it cowered his gentle, happy wife, with four little naked, shapeless, pink-hued bird-babies. That was what was the matter with him. Suddenly the song stopped. With a graceful sweep he flew to the ground, and then back to the lilac-bush, with a great horny beetle in his bill. There was a stretching up of little bare necks, and a silent opening of wide, yellow mouths. Then came a gentle, chiding croak or two, as if the mother-bird were scolding him for such clumsy masculine foolishness. To think of those tender little nestlings swallowing such a morsel as that! So he flew down again, gave the beetle a spiteful shake, and beat him on the ground until the flinty wing-covers were knocked to pieces, and then he swallowed it himself. But he picked up a venturesome cut-worm that was feeling his way to the collar-bed, and the little ones got their share. But there was something more than the spirit of song in that swelling breast. The troubadour was no carpet-knight, and the hand which swept the lyre could wield the trenchant blade. A noisy jay came screaming into the lilacs; there was a rush and a flutter; blue feathers flew in the air, and the insolent ruffian slunk off with a lowered crest. A great thieving crow flew leisurely by, turning his head from side to side in search of some dainty game for his black wife who was sitting in the ragged cedar; but the mocking-bird struck him on the flank, and harassed his retreat almost to the verge of the enemy's lines. There was a sudden hush of twittering voices and a general scurrying into the thickets, as the great hen-hawk came sailing over the lawn. In an instant the mocking-bird sounded the rally, and charged without waiting for support. Rising above the truculent marauder, he dropped upon him from above with that sharp, long beak, and the savage was glad to make off to the distant woods and leave him master of the field. Then he flew proudly back to comfort his trembling little wife and make the air ring again with his pean of victory.

There was an unwonted stir about the quiet old surroundings at Belle Isle. The young moon hung in the cloudless sky, and her pale, silvery radiance fell gently upon the dark old oaks in the avenue. But the merry south wind tickled the leaves until they shook with rustling laughter, and played wild pranks with the light, which they mixed up with their tremulous shadows in a medley as quaint as that of the mocking-bird's song. The big-barred owl on the sycamore, and the little screech-owl in the ivy, turned their

wise heads and blinked their eyes at the blazing windows of the old mansion, through every one of which the light streamed far out into the night. Great piles of light-wood were gleaming, and crackling, and sputtering, on the five stands on the lawn, making all sorts of weird and shadowy effects with the dusky figures which moved about among them. Dark forms crowded the broad piazza, and pressed their faces, full of gleeful interest, close to the window-panes, and the side-lights of the great hall-door. Within there was a maze of youth, and flowers, and music, and laughter. Cedar and holly decked the walls as at Christmas-tide, only now their deep verdure was but a setting for the roses and azaleas, the snowy spiræas and the yellow jonquils, the purple hyacinths and the crimson dahlias, which lent their beauty to the scene. A merry group of girls stood in front of the broad, deep fireplace, and their light, cloud-like drapery was in no danger from the flames, for the crackling hickory was a Christmas memory, and its place was now filled with green cedar-brush. Bright eyes, happy voices, dimpled arms, and plump, white shoulders, dainty slippers, and tiny feet, braided tresses from jet to blond adorning the white and red camellias which were trying to adorn the tresses, and in the midst of it all Katie Allison, the bride. It was a sight to make an old heart young again, and there were old hearts that night which leaped back at a single bound across the gulf of years, and seemed to find the fountain which the Spaniard vainly sought. Katie's wedding-night! and it seemed but yesterday that Julian Allison had brought home his bride on just such an April evening, amid just such a merry throng. For a moment the snowy ruffles on dear old Mrs. Allison's matronly cap seemed to shape themselves into the orange-blossoms of thirty years ago; for a moment the manly form of John La Bruce seemed to fade out of sight as he stood with the white favor in his button-hole, and looked proudly on the lovely trophy he had won, and the quaint, high-collared, blue coat of Julian Allison, with its bright brass buttons and flapped skirt-pockets, covered the figure which had slept for twenty years in the quiet old church-yard. But it was only old folks' fancies. The cheery call of the violin rang out on the air, and the sharp, silver ring of the "triangle" sent a flutter through the hearts of the joyous girls by the fireplace. "Gentlemen, cho-o-se your partners!" came from the sable corypheus in the corner, and in an instant all was confusion, as the dancers took their places at his bidding. The best man and the bride stood *vis-à-vis* to the bridesmaid and the groom; the quadrilles formed about them until the room could hold no more couples; the dusky spectators formed supplementary sets on the piazzas, and then to the good old homely tunes of "Monie-musk" and "Sharum," the light feet beat the happy hours away. The summer sun, the autumn winds, the dreary chill of winter, must surely follow, in their turn, the swiftly-passing spring-tide. Why should not the flowers bloom, and the mocking-bird trill his song, and the gay, light heart of youth be

merry while they may? With tremulous hand the young bride cuts her snowy bride-cake, and happy fingers crumble it away to find the hidden ring; and the "odd-favors" pair off with mock devotion to each other, which may grow into solemn earnest ere, another spring comes round. And then came the dainty little bits of dreaming-cake, put up in snowy papers, and bound with ribbons of the purest white; how the happy laughter rippled and rang as the fateful parcels were distributed with mock solemnity! for these must be placed beneath each virgin pillow, and out of the ivory gate would come a pleasant dream of him who should be the maiden's life-choice. Thus youth and age stood together, and dreamed their dreams of that which had been and of that which hope whispered was to be. And who shall say that age had not the best of it? for every face in his vision was a portrait, and every happy memory a fact. As we look forward at the distant hills, there are golden mists which cover the steep acclivities, and purpled glories which hide the roughness of their outlines. But the mists will rise and the glories fade as we approach them, and the rough paths must wound the journeying feet. But the retrospect of age has its mists and its glories too, which lovingly cover up the sadness of the past; and, though we know the sharpness of the stony memories which they hide, we know, too, that they never shall bruise our wearied feet again. Shall there not come a time when we shall wonder that the shining star upon which we are looking back should be the cold, dark earth which we used to live in?

The music ceased; the glancing feet grew still; the mirthful laughter hushed; the lights in the old windows went out; the lawn-fires grew dim, and flickered, and then closed their watchful eyes. And, just as a tardy sleep was settling over the stilled household, the mocking-bird shook the dew from his wings, flew up from his nest in the lilacs to the topmost twig of the magnolia, and, as the gray light brightened in the smile of the rising sun, poured out a burst of hymeneal melody in honor of Katie Allison's wedding-day.

ROBERT WILSON.

THE AMERICAN COLONY IN PARIS.

"THERE are thirty thousand Americans now living in Paris," once said to me a disgusted and patriotic individual, who looked with strong reprobation on the wholesale expatriation of his countrymen. He might have spared his wrath, or at least divided it by ten, for I do not think there are over three thousand or at the utmost five thousand Americans who have taken up their abode permanently in this fascinating city. The oddest part about it is, that nobody can find out exactly how many there really are. An American gentleman once undertook to discover the precise number, but was baffled in his attempt by the complete ignorance of all French officials on the subject. The pre-

fect of police, on being applied to, stated that the names of all foreigners residing in Paris were registered, but not their nationality. The bankers, each possessing a separate *clientèle*, could furnish no information. The *American Register* kept count of all Americans visiting Paris, but could not tell how many were transient visitors and how many permanent residents. In short, my friend was forced to relinquish his quest. It has been computed, however, that about eight hundred American families have taken up their abode here, and, allowing an average of four persons to each family, that would bring the number within four thousand, which is, I believe a tolerably correct estimate.

The American quarter in Paris is as sharply defined as is the English one. The English domain comprises the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue de la Paix, and the Place Vendôme, for transient visitors, and the Faubourg St.-Honoré for the permanent residents. In the former and adjacent streets are to be found the cumbersome, dingy, stately, expensive hotels so dear to the British heart, where the true-born Englishman can feast on huge joints, tough pastry, fiery soups, and Bass's pale ale, while surrounded by the scorned delicacies of the French *cuisine*. In this quarter, also, he can buy English tea, hosiery, perfumery, patent medicines, and penny buns, and, in fact, surround himself with a little London of his own, to the exclusion of all pernicious Parisian influences. Here, too, he can subscribe to *Galignani's Messenger*, to say nothing of Galignani's reading-room and library, which last two institutions will supply him with literature at the cost of ten cents per day for the former, and two dollars a month (or twenty dollars a year) for the latter—rather high prices, it must be confessed, when it is remembered that the usual subscription fee to circulating libraries, on both sides of the Atlantic, from Mudie's in London, to Brotherhead's, in Philadelphia, is five dollars per annum. Perhaps the transitory nature of the patronage to which the Galignani Library appeals may account for its cost; and the same reason may be given for the price of the *Messenger*, which is eight cents, while Parisian papers of the same size only cost four, and the lordly London *Times*, with its eight pages of reading matter, can be purchased in England for twelve cents. A circulating library, of reasonable cost, well managed and well supplied with new publications in both languages, would be, I think, a most successful institution. There is an excellent French one in the Rue Méhul, near the Italian Opera-House, which is admirably conducted, while the subscription price is only five francs (one dollar) a year; but their books are nearly all French publications, the exception being the Tauchnitz series, which, admirable as it is, is far from comprising all the English books one would like to read.

In the Faubourg St.-Honoré are to be found the fine hotels of the British "nobility and gentry," as the advertisements run, including the splendid building now occupied by the British embassy, and which was formerly the residence of the beautiful Pauline Borghese. But American instincts cause their possessors to turn their backs on the anti-

quated grandeurs of the ancient and aristocratic quarters of Paris, and to prefer the freshly-built, airy mansions on the Boulevard Malesherbes or the Avenue Friedland, and the sunny sweep of the Champs Elysées, when they seek for permanent quarters; while transient visitors find their home amid the splendors of the Grand and Splendide Hôtels, or the more quiet luxury of the Hôtel de l'Athénée. The streets in the vicinity of these hotels—the Rue Auber, the Rue Scribe, etc.—form the quarter of the American tradespeople; and one finds, at every corner, such names as Carter, Robert Cumberland, Costigan, etc., while the blazoned window-panes display the American eagle in all the glory of his thunder-bolts and his encircling stars. Here, too, is to be found the American bar, where mint-juleps, sherry-cobblers, and other transatlantic drinks, are deftly compounded and thirstily consumed, while placards announce that fried, roast, and stewed oysters may be had on demand. I have never tasted the edibles aforesaid, but I can picture to myself how horrid the European oysters so treated must be; scraps of leather, flavored with copper filings, would probably represent them to perfection. The office of the *American Register* is close at hand, and the advertisements of the different Atlantic steamship companies are conspicuous in more than one window. Then, just around the corner, one finds the banking-house of Messrs. Drexel, Hayes & Co., whereof the reading-room is always crowded with Americans, eagerly devouring the home newspapers. The English taste seeks out the quiet, dull, and the highly respectable quarters that recall the dingy grandeur of London, while the American tries to replace the newness and the sunny brightness of his own land, and so frequents the gayer regions which Paris owes to the genius of Baron Hausmann and the prodigality of the empire.

The American residents in Paris may be divided into several classes, first among which being that formed by those wealthy and æsthetic persons who have sought and found in this marvelous city that satisfaction for their artistic and social tastes which is scarcely yet to be obtained in their native land. Rich, cultivated, and refined, the representatives of this class have seen unbarred for them the seemingly impervious portals of the best Parisian society, and among them may be cited a well-known Philadelphia family, whose splendid hotel on the Rue François Premier is one of the finest private residences of Paris. The lady of the mansion has for many years resided in this city. Endowed with rare personal loveliness and great distinction of manners, she was welcomed at once on her advent here as a real accession to the most *recherché salons* of the capital, and, while her sister reigned a queen of society in Philadelphia, she dazzled Parisian society with the lustre of her stately beauty. Her children are now married and settled here, so she will doubtless never return to reside in her native land. Many, also, of these American-Parisians are devoted lovers of art, and possess superb galleries of modern paintings, among whom may be cited Mr. William Stewart and Mr. James Stebbins.

Mr. Stebbins's gallery has been in process of formation only five years, yet it is already a splendid and enviable collection, being especially rich in the works of Fortuny, one of which, a portrait of a Spanish lady, is considered one of the best examples of this master. It also includes one of Bouguereau's *chef-d'œuvre*, entitled "Love and Wealth," a fine Troyon (landscape with cattle), a magnificent Rosa Bonheur, "The Emir," by Benlanyer, a delicious Algerian scene, and fine pictures by Meissonnier, Saintain, Nittis, Richter, Schreyer, and others. Mr. Stebbins inhabits a charming hotel on the Avenue Friedland, known as the Maison Mauresque, and formerly the residence of Adeline Patti and her husband, the Marquis de Caux. In those charming *salons* are to be met not only the other members of the American society, but the literary and artistic lions of this great capital.

Besides these permanent residents, there are many families who take up their abode in Paris for a few years, in order to give their children the advantage of such instruction in music and languages as is not easily to be obtained in our own country. Admirable teachers, not only of French, but of German, and music and drawing, can be secured here at prices which, compared with those paid to less accomplished professors at home, appear startlingly small. Therefore one meets daily with groups of bright-looking young girls, taking their daily walks on the Champs Elysées, or wending their way homeward from their classes, bearing music-rolls or well-worn school-books, and accompanied by a watchful *bonne*, a stern governess, or perhaps mamma herself, for, in this country of universal politeness, young ladies must not walk out unguarded, for fear of insult. This peculiarity of French manners is felt by the young American girls as a sad and onerous restraint when first they arrive on these shores. Accustomed to traverse the principal streets of any one of our great cities, alone and unmolested, the young new-comer chafes sorely against the regulation that prohibits her from even running out alone for a few squares to make a purchase or to pay a call. But if, in her temerity and her remembrance of the universal sanctity of modest womanhood in our own more favored land, she ventures to try the experiment, she will probably be called upon to repent of her boldness by such insolent treatment and such impertinence as an American man would scarcely inflict on the vilest of lost women. Especially do I recollect a case where a young girl was requested by her mother to go about half a block, on the Rue Castiglione, while the mother waited in her carriage at the corner. Hardly had she got three yards from the carriage when a Frenchman threw his arms around her waist and attempted to kiss her! The coachman sprang from his horse to come to the rescue, but the Parisian, seeing that the young lady was not wholly unprotected, released her, and quietly walked away, amid the laughter of the passers-by, who evidently thought their compatriot had done a very brilliant thing. On another occasion, a young lady attempted to pass from a shop next door to the hotel where she was staying to the hotel itself, and, on her way,

was accosted by a man who seized hold of her arm, making, as he did so, some coarse remark about its rounded beauty. She broke from him and fled into the hotel, where she was of course in safety, but one can well imagine her agitation and indignation, and the shock which her nerves must have sustained in the endurance of so vile an insult. Both of these incidents took place in the middle of the day, and in one of the most fashionable and best-frequented quarters of Paris.

It is true that young American ladies are not always as careful in their dress and deportment in the streets as the strict laws of Parisian etiquette demand. Of course, that fact does not excuse the rudeness of the men of this "politest nation on the face of the globe," but it serves in some instances to explain it. There are many parts of the United States, for instance, and I say it with great regret, where rouge and pearl-powder form component portions of the toilet of even very young girls, and the appearance of some of these fair damsels, pretty as they almost invariably are, dressed in the extreme of fashion, and with black-lace veils drawn over the cheeks and brow, whose tints are so palpably artificial, is not calculated to repel the nocturnal impertinence of a Parisian *flâneur*. At all events, Paris is far from being a favorite sojourn with our young girls. They miss the freedom, the enjoyment, the unrestricted intercourse of their home-life, and, if they are past the school-room period, and go into society, they find their movements burdened with still more onerous restrictions, while they themselves are nobodies, mere make-weights in the social scale. At home they are queens—they rule society (most unfortunately for our society, it must be said), while here society rules them, and that with a rod of iron, permitting none of the walks and talks and sly flirtations which fill up so agreeably the intervals between the dances at an American ball. I was much amused lately by hearing the experience of a young New-York lady, who was taken to the last ball given at the Elysée by an elderly French lady—her own usual *chaperon*, her aunt, being too sick to go. She found that, when a French gentleman wished to dance with her, he first asked permission of her *chaperon*, who then asked the young lady's permission for the introduction to take place; the gentleman was then formally presented, the dance took place, and her partner immediately after conducted her back to her guardian, bowed, and disappeared. An American gentleman, the son of an old friend of the young lady's father, wished to be presented to her, but the *chaperon* refused permission for the introduction to take place, on the ground that she was herself not personally acquainted with the young man. Finally, a young American that was well known to the young lady obtained the requisite authorization to dance with her, and, after the dance, he proposed taking her into some of the smaller rooms to show her the decorations. Away they went, in happy unconsciousness that they were doing any thing very dreadful, when, happening to look round, the young lady discovered that they were closely followed by the son of her *chaperon*—that gen-

deman having been detailed by the old lady to follow the pair, and watch their movements. Poor young girl, and poor *chaperon*, also! It was the old story of the hen and the ducklings all over again. Yet one can hardly bear to let one's imagination dwell on the state of morals which this strict system of surveillance reveals. What acts do these French people imagine that their young daughters will commit if left for a moment unwatched and unguarded? I recall the answer made by an American mother to a French lady who was exhorting her to adopt the Parisian method in the training of her daughters. "Did I for one moment fancy," she said, "that my girls needed a spy to watch them every moment to keep them from evil, I would pray that they might die to-morrow."

To such an extent is this system carried that it is considered improper in Paris for a young lady to walk out alone with her own brother. "How do people know that it is her brother?" they argue. Still more revolting is the fact that it is considered highly immoral for a father to kiss his own daughter *on the lips*—she must offer him her forehead or her cheek. The monstrous indelicacy of the ideas hidden behind such social laws need no comment here. It cannot be wondered at, therefore, that Parisian mothers are averse to permitting their daughters to associate with their American contemporaries. The frank, free ways of a well-brought-up American girl, who, thinking no evil, is on the lookout for none, and who associates with her friends of the opposite sex as openly and innocently as she does with those of her own, are a mystery and a horror to the French matrons, whose boast it often is that their girls have never been left alone from the moment of their birth. To our transatlantic feelings, the French system is as revolting as ours is shocking to their ideas. Still, on some accounts, the repulsion and horror which the French ladies feel for American girls is not wholly to be wondered at nor condemned. Our fast set, a race which haunts and infects the society of our larger cities, sends out too many representatives here—girls that delight in touching the brink of all that modesty most abhors, who are loud in dress and manners and in tone, who drive out with unprincipled foreigners late in the evening, who receive the visits of gentlemen in their bedrooms, and perform other acts peculiarly shocking to Continental ideas of morality and decency. These fast young ladies do not understand that no European can be brought to imagine that women who do such things may be, and, indeed, almost invariably are, of unblemished virtue, and that he cannot comprehend how the unrestricted liberty of our native land may permit a young girl's manners to degenerate without there being any actual moral cause for such degeneracy.

There is also another class of Americans resident in Europe of whom I must speak, though regretfully, as my subject would else be incomplete. I mean the American adventuresses—women usually possessing the traditional beauty of their native land and the acuteness of their race, who have crossed the Atlantic to find a wider field for their

schemes and machinations. These women represent the *demi-monde* in the sense which the younger Dumas really meant when, in his famous comedy, he penned the celebrated description of the "peaches for two cents," the fruit that looked as fair and fine as the peaches priced at five cents, but which, on closer inspection, showed a small black spot on each. The brilliant dramatist never meant that his well-coined epithet should be applied to the recognized members of that showy and evil society which is in reality not *demi-monde*, nor in truth any *monde* at all in the French sense of the word. But there was felt to be a real necessity for some epithet to be applied to a set and class that either had no name at all, or else one that was an offense to ears polite, so the title was eagerly seized and applied, or rather misapplied, to a class far lower than that for which it was intended. But these transatlantic *curieuses d'aventure* really come within the original scope and meaning of the term. Too often women of good birth and position, whom unfortunate circumstances or lack of principle have lured from the straight path of womanly duty, singularly adaptable to the style and manners of their surroundings, as is the nature of Americans in general, they become in style and toilet veritable Parisiennes, and are among the most admired of the evil set to which they have sunk. Truth stranger than fiction, tales wilder than romance, could be told about some of these women. Among them may be found scions of our proudest and purest families, *ci-devant* queens of fashion, who ruled it over the veritable *monde* before they descended to the *demi-monde*, tenderly-nurtured and delicately-reared females, over whom a mother's love and a father's care once watched with incessant vigilance. The adventures of one among them, the daughter of a well-known Presbyterian divine, might have inspired the pen of Xavier de Montepin or Ponson du Terrail; while the story of still another, once the loveliest, the most gifted, and the most courted of her sex, reads like a page from the "Mémoires of St. Simon," or a paragraph of scandal snatched from the letters of Madame de Sévigné. But on this sad subject there is, fortunately, no need to dwell, nor should it have found mention here at all had it not been necessary to the full completion of my subject.

The American colony is not regarded by born Parisians with altogether favorable eyes. Apart from the demoralizing influences introduced among their young people by the freer ways and gayer dress of the American girls, they complain that our presence here has had a great influence in raising the prices of every thing eatable or wearable, and there is much truth in the accusation, particularly as regards the price of dress. The reason of that is, that the prices here are so reasonable compared with those at home, that we pay, eagerly and willingly, half as much again for an article as it is worth, knowing that, had we purchased it at home, it would have cost twice as much again. Then, too, the Americans live well and freely, and, being unaccustomed to the system of petty but universal cheating which is to be guarded against

here, they take no precautions against it, or else refuse to spend the period (often too brief) of their stay in sunny Paris in wrangling with tradespeople about sous and centimes. In consequence of which our countrymen are marked out as easy prey; and it is a well-known fact that all articles of consumption in the grocery and provision stores of the American quarter cost from ten to twenty cents per pound more than they can be purchased for in other parts of the city. As to servants, it is, I believe, a well-recognized fact that those who have been in the habit of living with American families become totally ruined. The consideration and thoughtfulness with which our "help" is usually treated, produce a demoralizing effect on the Parisian domestic, and, as he is unsuspected of the vices of stealing and cheating, he forthwith proceeds to make hay while the sun shines, and to make all he can out of his too-confiding employer. The Parisians pay a great though unconscious compliment to the power of our deeds and example when they accuse the comparatively small group of Americans resident here of doing such mighty damage in every direction. According to them, we have spoiled the taste of their milliners and dress-makers, we have put up the prices of every thing, we have demoralized their domestics, and set a bad example to their daughters. We have, in fact, demoralized Paris—a task as difficult and as superfluous as that of gilding refined gold, or of painting the lily! But my subject grows upon me. I may return to it at some future day, but for the present I will pause.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

BY ALEXANDER DELMAR,

LATE DIRECTOR OF THE UNITED STATES BUREAU OF STATISTICS.

I.

I STARTED for Washington in September, 1866. My commission was dated the 5th of that month. Accompanying it had been a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, couched in the following terms:

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
September 5, 1866."

"SIR: I have to inform you that you have been appointed Director of the Bureau of Statistics, under the act of Congress, approved July 28, 1866.

"Please signify in writing your acceptance of the office, and the time you will enter upon the discharge of your duties.

"It is desirable that the bureau be organized as soon as possible.

"Yours very respectfully,

"HUGH McCULLOCH,
"Secretary of the Treasury."

From this letter I saw that my new career was to commence with hard work. In less than three months—that is to say, before the assembling of Congress—I was expected to organize my bureau, familiarize myself with

its comprehensive functions, and exercise its yet untried powers to such an extent as to be able to report material progress to the Legislature. The nature of these functions and powers may be gathered from the following synopsis:

I was to obtain from the one hundred and forty and odd custom-houses of the United States separate quarterly returns of the imports, domestic exports, foreign re-exports, *intransits* and transshipment trade, warehouse transactions, products of American fisheries, guano from American islands, lumber from Northern Maine *via* Canada, commerce between Atlantic and Pacific ports *via* Panama, immigrant and other passengers arrived and departed, and their treatment aboard-ship; immigrant mortality; American vessels built, registered, enrolled, licensed, sold, abandoned, lost, and wrecked; foreign wrecked vessels documented, etc.; American and foreign vessels entered and cleared; vessels employed in the foreign, coastwise, river, canal, and fishing trades, etc. I was to establish, also, a new series of returns by months, instead of by quarters, and to examine, revise, collate, and arrange them all so as to show results by periods of time, by ports of entry, by countries, and by comparative summaries. I was to prepare a list of all the vessels of our merchant marine by name, rig, tonnage, and home port, to award to each an official number, and establish a practical system of signals, by means of which they could telegraph their numbers to each other, or to land-stations. I was also to obtain from whatever sources I could, and prepare such other information relative to the trade and industry of the country, as the executive government might require; to "collect, digest, and arrange, for the use of Congress, the statistics of the manufactures of the United States, their localities, sources of raw materials, markets, exchanges with the producing regions of the country, transportation of products, wages, and such other conditions as are found to affect their prosperity." Finally, I was to prepare all this information for the press, and publish it in monthly and annual reports.

The bureau has been shorn of much of its importance since that time by an act which deprived it of a director, and the powers inherent in that officer, but as originally created it was a board of trade rather than a statistical bureau. My own idea of a bureau of statistics had been comprehensive enough: but Congress, in carrying out the idea as it came through another, committed the mistake of rendering the functions of the office not only more comprehensive than its powers warranted, but complicated and burdensome. Duties were to be performed wholly incompatible with one another. On the one hand, I was amenable to the orders of the Executive; on the other, to those of Congress. Many of the compilations ordered were duplicates; the quarterly returns of commerce and navigation under the old act of 1820, which alone took up annually twenty-five thousand mammoth pages of manuscript figures, were to be continued; while monthly returns of the same information were ordered to be compiled under the new act of 1866. As an illustration that its responsibilities were not

counterbalanced with adequate powers, the director was required to obtain the information about manufactures, markets, wages, etc., indicated above by quotation-marks, and yet the Federal Government had no means of compelling anybody to furnish the data. This was very much like ordering bricks to be made without providing the straw.

When I say that I was able by the 26th of November following to report the achievement, wholly, or in part, of all these numerous requirements of the law (for proof of which see Finance Report, 1866, pp. 300-308), I am sure the reader will give me credit for industry. The eighty days which elapsed between my appointment and that date seem to me now as eighty years. I worked night and day, and the whole of a large force of clerical assistants placed at my disposal were, for the first time in their official existences, shown what it was to be quick. One of my clerks declared that after I took command of the bureau he had felt as though an electric wire had been laid along his spine and I was sending messages through it all day! The truth is, my blood was up. I had accused the Treasury Department of inertia and indifference to duty. I would show my brother officers what it was to see to every thing—to push matters—to accomplish.

Alas, alas! if I could only have known that I was breaking my head for nothing! that there is a *consensus* in the affairs of all great institutions, by virtue of which the various parts move with a uniform velocity; and that, without commanding the whole, I could no more infuse energy, efficiency, rapidity, into any part of this vast arm of the government, than a sparrow could outfly the earth in its orbit, or Eng walk forth while Chang lay inert! It was to take me two long years to discover this fact; straining, meanwhile, like a steam-tug at a leviathan, to accomplish an impossibility.

And mark this lesson well, ye myriads, who, having created a government with your own imperfect hands, demand that it shall be infallible; the time required for the completion of a faultless fabric is in inverse proportion to the perfection of the constituent parts, and the implements employed in its construction. Governmental work, to be accomplished, as ours has to be, mainly through the agency of imperfectly educated and wholly untrained men, must be accorded a much longer time than need be where the agents are more competent and experienced. Members of Congress have frequently confessed to me that it required all of their term of two years to learn the rules of the House of Representatives, and that that was the reason why most of the activity in that branch of the national Legislature was confined to a few men whose experience in this respect was their only merit.

Allowance must likewise be made in administrative affairs for the vastness of our country, the overspread condition of our population, and the rusticity of sub-officials. The customs collector at Mackinac wrote me on December 4, 1867, that, owing to the great territorial extent of his district, he had not received returns from his deputies at the outposts for upward of six weeks; that the

snow was fourteen inches deep, and the thermometer fifteen degrees below zero. On August 15, 1867, the Collector at Key West, in accounting for the tardiness of his returns, stated that he had been without a mail for twenty days. On August 10, 1867, the collector at Pembina acknowledges that he had committed the trifling error of previously reporting exports as imports, and alleged by way of excuse that he had a *felon* on his finger! The collector at New Orleans used to send me returns several months behind time, and filled with the most absurd errors.

If a public function, to be exercised properly, requires three years in England, give it six years here; it is not too much. When, on the contrary, you expect the work to be done in one year, in order that you may the more frequently "rotate" the officer who is to accomplish it, and, at the same time, show the world what a smart people we are and how many ready-made officials we possess in embryo, depend upon it, it will not be properly done at all. You have passed thousands of laws during the past twenty years, all of which require that something or another shall be done by the administration. I shall show you, as I proceed, that in nineteen cases out of twenty these things have not only not been done properly, but in many cases they have not been done at all, and that among them are some exceedingly important requirements.

Was it Virgil, or some other heathen gentleman, who, having enjoyed the privilege of going to hell and coming back, stated that the walls of the apartments there were inscribed all over with good intentions not accomplished? Well, never mind. I, who have experienced the analogous privilege of being damned in the United States Treasury, can aver that there, too, will be found traces of numberless good intentions in an arrested state of development. Some day or other, the good people of this country will find out that it is not enough merely to pass a law in order to have a thing done, and that the Panzan proverb, "*Lo que quiere, andar; lo que no quiere, mandar*"—"Who wants, goes; who does not, sends"—has much virtue in it. There is a fetishism concerning legislation, which we must learn to get rid of. "I will it!" says the nation; and the fetish is that, because forty million people say the same thing in a breath, it is forthwith accomplished. Large bodies move slow; large and disjointed bodies move slower; large and disjointed bodies whose parts are frequently changed, move slowest. You may pass a law that the Federal or any other government shall keep my sidewalk clean; but, while it is weaving the red tape to carry out your wishes, I can sweep off my own sidewalk, go a-fishing, and get back, before the government arrives.

I well remember the day I entered the civil service. The suite of offices accorded to me was on the main floor of the Treasury Building—the old portion, where the rooms are like so many prison-cells, with heavy groined arches and stone floors. However, what with paint, and carpets, and furniture, and bright fires burning, they looked quite cheerful; and the first impressions of my official abode were agreeable enough.

I found that among my clerks was a number of ladies. Now, I confess to a total lack of experience in the art of managing the sex. No such notion as government had ever found footing in my domestic relations. My marriage was a happy one, and I no more governed my wife than she governed me; but to govern ladies had now, it seems, become part of my official duty; and I will say here, to their great credit, that, contrary to the superficial expectations I formed at the outset, they gave me infinitely less trouble than the men.

Though the bureau was as yet unorganized in the sense and to the extent required by the law, it possessed some twenty or thirty clerks, constituting the late division of commerce and navigation in the register's bureau, which division had been transferred to my bureau in accordance with a construction of law. These clerks were classed into subdivisions, each governed by a chief of division, and the whole by a chief clerk. Such was the organization as I found it. All were on tiptoe to know if the new director would confirm the chief clerk, whom he would appoint as chiefs of division, etc. I need hardly say, stranger as I was at the time to the whole Treasury organization, that I did confirm the chief clerk, both because he was the chief clerk when I entered upon the discharge of my duties, and because he was recommended, though not without reservation, by the experienced and much-respected Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. I afterward discovered that in this proceeding I had made a woful mistake, and I record the fact here for the benefit of future incumbents of Federal offices; but I anticipate. My next move was, after measuredly satisfying myself regarding their merits, to appoint the chiefs of division recommended by the chief clerk; and, though it became necessary subsequently to make some changes—always an unpleasant duty to perform—I found that, on the whole, the selections were good ones, the proof of which is that my appointees, both of that time, and afterward, hold their positions yet.

The first day of office was employed in becoming acquainted with the force of clerks, and ascertaining the nature of the work upon which they were respectively occupied. The ladies, I found, were employed solely in the wearisome and wholly useless service of copying the outgoing letters and accounts of the nascent bureau—not copying them with the press, but with the pen; copies of the copies already made in the letter-press books. I saw nothing in this but the object to furnish them with employment, however useless, at the public expense; employment, too, which, being readily dispensable on occasion, exposed them at all times to the caprice of the superior clerks and to loss of office. The monotonous and fruitless nature of their tasks had reduced them to the rank of mere machines, which were wound up by the hands of a surrogated and usurped charity, to go or stop at pleasure. It did not take me long to discover that they very keenly felt the degradation of such a position, and yearned to be relieved. I soon put an end to it by banishing the superfluous and eleemosynary copy-books altogether, and setting the female clerks to work

upon the accounts, which they soon became quite as able to keep as the men. I did this, despite much opposition and many prophecies of failure from the latter, who were afraid the revolution would terminate in the loss of their own positions and the substitution of women in their places; but, as the activity of the bureau increased, and they found that there was not only necessary work enough for all, but a good deal more for each than they either anticipated or cared for, I heard no more of the matter, and common-sense quietly triumphed. There is much of this useless sort of work still manufactured in the departments for eleemosynary purposes, and some of the bureaus are little better than charity hospitals for decayed persons or needy relations.

The male clerks of my bureau were divided, at the time I was speaking of, into three subdivisions: commerce, navigation, and warehouse, the first-named division comprising nearly all of them. The navigation division consisted of an octogenarian, who boasted that he had fought in the battle of Bladensburg, and been in office ever since. He is dead now, poor old man! but I remember he used to be in a continual state of dispute as to whether he or another octogenarian in the department was the older. I was told that, in a contest on this subject, one day, the two senilities came to blows, and that my old man whipped the other. My octogenarian's handwriting, though very shaky, was quite neat; and his work, which in good sooth amounted to very little, looked like that of the ancient scribes on old parchments. He was a wealthy fellow, and, neither from the strictly utilitarian nor the humanitarian point of view, should have been retained in the department; but his occupation had become a second nature to him, he was obviously very near his grave, and I felt that a dismissal would have killed him, so I kept him until his death, which occurred not long after. Then I discovered, what I had all along suspected, that he had been an old humbug. During his life I found that I could never examine his accounts, without, indeed, using coercion, and recourse to this means respect for his age and long service forbade. When, after his death, I went over his books, I found them to be almost worthless for public purposes, and that he had systematically deceived me and cheated the service from whose coffers he had drawn pay so long.

The four quarterly returns of imports, exports, etc., which are rendered throughout the fiscal year, which ends on the 30th of June, made up the principal accounts of foreign commerce. These returns are first entered into mammoth books, each port of entry occupying a line, with the commodities by quantities and values arranged from top to bottom of the pages; in other words the side-titles are the ports, the top-titles the commodities. Each quarter requires one huge book. At the end of the year the four quarters are added together in a fifth book. Thus five books constitute a set. Another set of five shows the same facts arranged by countries of importation, exportation, etc., without regard to ports of entry or clearance. Still another book shows the same facts sum-

marized, without regard to either countries or ports. Thus a full set consists of eleven books, and, as the principal accounts showed respectively the import-entries, the domestic exports, and the foreign re-exports, there were in all thirty-three mammoth books containing the principal quarterly accounts of commerce. In order to carry out the new provisions of the law, I was obliged, in the course of two months' time, to increase the number of these volumes to seventy-two, each of them averaging three hundred and thirty-eight pages. Meanwhile, my first duty was to ascertain the state of forwardness in which the accounts stood as they were then constituted. I found that three of the four quarters were barely entered, and that the entering or posting of the fourth quarter, and consequently the adding together and posting of the four quarters combined, was not begun. Then there was the work of balancing and revising the whole work, and of copying it out of the books on sheets for the press, yet to be done, so that there was little chance of the accounts being entirely completed and published within the time required by law, which was the first Monday in December.

Upon evincing my dismay at this backward condition of affairs, the answer I got was, "Oh, we never think of getting the accounts ready under twelve months" (I found afterward that eighteen months was nearer the truth) "from the termination of the year to which they relate!"

Now, this was one of the very points upon which, in my previous capacity of editor, I had taken the department to task. Of what practical value, had I argued, were public accounts eighteen months old? What guides to legislation could they afford to Congress, which was being every day solicited by powerful interests to change important laws of taxation that should be based upon the facts contained in these books? Was the Treasury bent upon furnishing to the people merely a posthumous legacy of accounts, to be published only when the men concerned in them had gone out of office, and could no longer be held to practical account for their official actions?

I determined to inaugurate my first reform on the spot, and declared that the accounts should be made ready for the press by December, no matter what happened. In return, I was told that this was impossible; that only one clerk could work at each book; that only the clerks now employed upon them understood the business; that the speed with which they worked was known from experience; that most of them were men advanced in years, their health was generally not good, they could not work longer than the usual office-hours, much less work at night.

I cut all this short. The work must be done, I said, and I privately hinted to the chief clerk that if it were not done something unpleasant might happen. This confidential communication soon found its way to the desks, and on the 10th of December following I had the satisfaction of committing the annual report on Commerce and Navigation to the public printer.

LAST RESIDENCE OF JAMES OTIS.

IN a retired part of the town of Andover, Massachusetts, is still standing the old farm-house which was the asylum of James Otis after his mind became hopelessly wrecked. It is about two miles from the little manufacturing village of Ballard Vale, and more than four from the Theological Seminary. Here, with exception of a short interval, Otis passed the last two years of his life with Captain Osgood, a well-to-do farmer

Otis occupied a room on the left of the entrance as we look at the engraving. When the gathering of heavy clouds seemed to presage a storm, the family were collected in the room on the right and opposite that of Otis, who stood leaning against the door-post chatting with the group within. While in the act of telling a story, a tremendous explosion, which seemed to shake the solid earth, occurred, and Otis fell lifeless into the arms of Jacob Osgood, who sprang forward to receive him. None other of the seven or eight persons within the room at the time were injured. The storm appeared to have spent its fury in this single deadly flash. The

often have remarked with what ease the abiding-places of the great and even their very names are forgotten. I found the Osgood farm-house no exception to this rule, nor did I succeed in identifying it until I chanced upon a villager who had been a farm-hand on the place fifty years ago. He spoke of "Jimmy" Otis as familiarly as if he had personally known him, and recounted, as he walked by the side of his oxen, such little scraps of family tradition as had been cherished relative to the gifted and unfortunate guest of the Osgoods.

While *en route*, I looked in upon a well-preserved specimen of one of the Indian gar-



LAST RESIDENCE OF JAMES OTIS, ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS.

of the town. When this period had nearly expired, his friends, believing him entirely recovered, advised his return to Boston; and he was accordingly brought to town by his nephew, Harrison Gray Otis, who relates how he was fascinated by his uncle's conversation during the journey. A renewal of his intercourse with his old friends of the revolutionary clubs, and especially with Governor Hancock, whose dinner-parties were distinguished for conviviality, brought on a relapse of his malady. He returned to Andover, and on Friday afternoon, May 23, 1783, exactly six weeks since he had again become an inmate of the Osgood farm-house, a stroke of lightning laid him dead upon the threshold.

bold, striking the chimney of the house, leaped down a rafter which rested on the post against which Otis was reclining, shattered the casing of the door, and passed on to the ground.

It is somewhat remarkable that Otis should have expressed to his sister, Mercy Warren, a wish that the end might come for him in this very way; a wish he often repeated. "My dear sister," he said, after his mind was impaired, "I hope when God Almighty, in his righteous providence, shall take me out of time into eternity, that it will be by a flash of lightning!"

Whoever has had occasion to seek out the habitations of former generations, will as

rison-houses, blackened with the smoke of two centuries, and contrasting sharply with the thrifty-looking dwellings in white paint and green blinds set along the road. My way lay through the scene of the cruel persecutions in 1692, when three miserable inhabitants ended their lives on the gibbet of Witch Hill.* Half a hundred people of Andover were denounced during this reign of terror. The local magistrate, struck with horror at the general frenzy, refusing to grant more warrants, both himself and his wife were, in their turn accused, and owed their lives, perhaps, to a hasty flight. The road, as you ap-

* See JOURNAL, November 29, 1873.

proach the Osgood farm-house, describes a curve, the capacious barns and outbuildings being upon one side and the house upon the other. The residence has a front looking down the road and another toward the south, as seen in the illustration. Before the door on this side are two oak-trees, the one nearest the house being much riven by lightning. A very extensive tract of open land extends on all sides.

The marks left in its passage by the fatal fluid have been effaced. I confess I was unprepared for the observation of an occupant of the house that the blood of Otis had formerly sprinkled the door; but then—and she said it regretfully—the door had been repainted by a thoughtless person, and all traces obliterated. It is known that there were neither marks of any kind on the body of Otis, nor the least distortion of his features.

Otis was the senior of all the men who, in New England, formed the Revolution, except Samuel Adams, his antipode. He was the ablest as he was the most feared of all the patriot junto. There were but one or two men on the side of the crown who could pretend to break a lance with him. He brought all the resources of history to his aid at the bar, and had the ablest of the Old World commentators at his tongue's end. It was to Otis that John Dickinson sent his famous "Farmer's Letters," to be used as his judgment might dictate. The "Circular Letter" of 1768 was drawn up by Otis and revised by Samuel Adams, to whom this, as well as other documents now among the ablest of our State papers, were passed over by the author with the remark, "I have written them all, and handed them over to Sam to *quicquid* them"—a word coined by Otis for this occasion. Had Otis remained in his right mind, he would undoubtedly have enjoyed the distinction of being the first man proscribed by the ministry.

The measures proposed by the opponents of the exactions of the home government were discussed and maligned in the clubs. In Boston, the principal of these was the Merchants' Club, which had existed for twenty years previous to the rupture with the mother-country. The meetings were in a front room of the British Coffee-house in King Street, and were frequented by all the leaders of popular opinion. Otis's inexhaustible humor, trenchant wit, and biting sarcasm, made him as much the central figure of this circle as Sheridan, who resembled him in many respects, was at Bellamy's and the London clubs. After his unfortunate encounter with Robinson, which happened in this very house, Otis became garrulous and more violent and unguarded than ever in his invectives against the crown officers, but his shafts no longer, as of old, went straight to the centre. He occasionally displayed flashes of his former genius, but the native warmth of his temper was greatly aggravated by his infirmity, especially so after indulgence in wine.

A private and unpublished letter now before me, dated September 2, 1776, says that, on the previous Monday, James Otis addressed a town-meeting in Boston, and spoke as well as ever, finding great fault with the choosing

of some officials during the unsettled state of the town. The "white wigs," as the more wealthy and influential were called, finally prevailed.

Otis's whimsical rebuke of Molineux one night at the club gives an excellent idea of him when in a facetious vein. Molineux had been complaining of ill-usage by the Legislature in some affair in which he was interested, in a manner that wearied and disgusted the company. Otis at last arose, and said: "Come, Will, quit this subject, and let us enjoy ourselves. I also have a list of grievances, will you hear it?" The club expected some fun, and all cried out, "Ay! ay! let us hear your list!" After reciting some of his sacrifices by the loss of offices, which were worth four hundred pounds sterling a year, Otis continued:

"In the next place, I have lost a hundred friends, among whom were the men of the first rank, fortune, and power in the province—at what price will you estimate them?"

"D—n them," said Molineux, "at nothing; you are better off without them than with them." (A loud laugh.)

"Be it so," said Otis. "In the next place you know I love pleasure; but I have renounced all amusement for ten years. What is that worth to a man of pleasure?"

"No great matter," said Molineux; "you have made politics your amusement." (A hearty laugh.)

"Once more," said Otis, holding his head down before Molineux; "look upon this head!" (displaying a scar in which a man might bury his finger). "What do you think of this? and, what is worse, my friends think I have a monstrous crack in my skull."

At this, John Adams, who was present, says the company became very grave, and all looked solemn; but Otis, setting up a laugh, said, with a gay countenance, to Molineux:

"Now, Willie, my advice to you is to say no more about your grievances, for you and I had better put up our accounts of profit and loss in our pockets and say no more about them, lest the world should laugh at us."

This humorous dialogue put all the company, Molineux included, in good-humor, and the remainder of the evening was passed joyously.

SAMUEL A. DRAKE.

THE DELAWARE PENALTIES.

TO be taken for crime or misdemeanor in Delaware has, for a long time, been reckoned among one of the most serious griefs that can befall an evil-doer. In a great majority of the other States the penalty for crime is simple incarceration, with labor more or less hard; but in Delaware the prisoner is generally condemned to undergo at least two extraordinary inflictions, and, in some cases, three.

Delaware has no State-prison. Its population is too small to support one. Therefore she frankly and boldly adopts such peculiar punishments that, when a man finds that the devil is working within him, he generally feels inclined to go into a neighboring Commonwealth for his criminal purposes.

It is somewhat interesting to learn that the inhabitants of Delaware rarely do wrong. It is sojourners from other States, the unfortunates who unwittingly cross the boundary to steal, burn, or destroy, that come under her iron hand; and the consternation betrayed by a captured villain when he is told that he has sinned against the peculiar laws of this shrewd community is said to be something prodigious.

In New Castle, an ancient little town, of some two or three thousand inhabitants, situated in the northern part of the State, and upon the estuary of the Delaware River, there are a court-house and a jail. It is in the spacious yard of the jail that the strange punishments permitted, or rather required, by the laws are administered. These punishments are given by the use of the pillory, the lash, and the marking of the dress of the prisoner with the character "C," the initial letter of "convict."

To read of these practices forces one to go back a little in history, and to make pictures of ancient times. In old days, punishments similar to these were practised all up and down the Atlantic coast; but, to read that in one little place the long-abjured inflictions are still found to be of use, gives, at least to a curiosity-hunter, an ecstasy.

New Castle itself is quaint enough. Its few streets are paved with cobble-stones, and are shaded with splendid trees. It is full of old, red houses, with antiquated gardens, and there is a neat and pretty little shop to every ten of the inhabitants.

It has one very old stone-house of which it is proud. It is upon the street nearest the water, and it faces the east. Its roof has partly fallen in, and its oaken ridge-pole is covered with green moss. Upon its front are four figures of iron, each two feet in height, set in the stucco, representing the date 1687. Farther up in the town is a fine ancient church, and an old market with a begreened roof. The people are calm, soft-spoken, and retrospective. William Penn once thought this town would be as important as Philadelphia now is, and his disappointment has been handed down from generation to generation.

The day that the writer selected on which to visit the town was a gala-day, and a great many people had come in from the surrounding country. There was to be a sheriff's sale, an election, and a whipping—three tremendous affairs, which were capable between them of stirring the profoundest emotions.

The sun was bright, the air was balmy with a mid-May warmth and fragrance, and the trees and the shrubbery that showed over the walls were delightfully green. A great many negroes were present in all the glory of fine attire, and one could hear them laugh two squares away as they gathered at street-corners. Expectation was rife, the schools were out, and the air was overcharged.

A farmer was to have his goods and chattels, his horses and implements, knocked down to the highest bidder, on account of non-payment of rent; three constables and a public weigher were to be selected from the good and honest voters; two scoundrels were to stand one hour each in the pillory in the

jail-yard; and seven more were to be thrashed, with a cat-o'-nine-tails, upon the bare back, in open view of all that chose to gaze. No wonder that Nature smiled.

At an early hour the hitherto empty and deserted stalls of the open market-sheds became filled with boys, who, sitting in the shade, gazed upon the jail-yard door just across the way, and speculated with all the acumen of hospital physiologists upon the probable endurance of the culprits under their coming trials.

The jail is lofty, and is built of a hard brown-stone. The yard is upon the north-east, and is surrounded by a wall twenty-five feet in height. The whole structure is sufficiently formidable and awe-inspiring. At ten o'clock a turnkey emerged from the outer door of the jail, and advanced bareheaded toward the tall arched door which opened from the street into the yard. He was hailed with a shout, and his jangling steel keys rang a peal that, to the ears of the ragged children, was a sound of joy.

He fumbled for a long time with the lock. His impatience increased with every second of the exciting delay.

The doors finally swung inward, and exposed, ten feet up in the air, a young man standing in the abominable pillory.

This pillory is of the pattern that has been made familiar to us by old prints. It consists of a perpendicular beam, perhaps twenty feet high, surrounded by a square platform midway up. Upon this platform the culprit stands. Passed through the centre of the beam, at right angles, four feet and a half above the platform, is a thick plank which is securely fastened in such a position as to leave an equal portion of its length upon either side of the upright, thus forming a part of a cross. From the upper edge of either arm of this cross have been cut three semicircular pieces of wood, leaving three holes, the centre one being five inches across and each of the others three or thereabout. Upon each of these arms there fits a piece of plank, attached to the post by a hinge by which it may be easily raised or lowered. In its lower edge are three cuttings made to correspond exactly to those in the nether piece; therefore, when it is necessary to use the pillory, it is only required that the upper bit of wood shall be swung upward; then, that the person to be punished shall rest his neck and his wrists in the places made to receive them; then, that the upper portion of the arm shall be lowered and hasped. The unfortunate finds himself caught in a trap from which, even had he all the strength ever vouchsafed to a single man, he could not free himself.

The jail-yard in New Castle is large enough to contain perhaps twelve hundred people in positions whence a pilloried man can be seen. On that morning there were present nearly three hundred boys and men, all of the roughest and most uncouth class.

On the western side of the yard is a building which contains the cells, in which were confined over eighty persons. Each of these cells has a window two and one-half feet long, and nine inches wide, traversed by an iron bar. At each of these windows, upon the side next the pillory, holding by their grimy

hands, were two men, of whom nothing could be seen, however, except their foreheads, noses, and chins, and bright eyes.

Sitting in a barred window, which commanded the yard, was a keeper, who watched the crowd. Above the high walls could be seen the verdant tops of the beautiful trees, showing finely against the soft sky; their branches were filled with birds, who sang loudly and gladly in the sunlight.

The man in the pillory, helpless, red with shame, exhausted even so early, tried to laugh, and to look as if he did not care. The attempt was a wretched failure. He winked his inflamed eyes at his fellow-prisoners, and spat every few seconds upon the platform. The yoke was so low that he was obliged to bend considerably, and this made him weary. He changed from one leg to the other, and took all manner of positions. He wore yellow pantaloons, heavy boots, a white shirt, a dark coat, and a black hat. He was about twenty-five years of age, and was suffering a penalty for burglary and uttering a threat to kill.

The rabble gazed at him in silence for a while. The upturned faces looked with hard-hearted boldness at the downturned face above them, and the culprit was furnished with two hundred jeers and contemners, some one of whom may meet him and denounce him in each place that he visits or journeys to hereafter. The main design of the pillory was thus achieved.

Pretty soon the people began to be tired, and to look away, and to talk to each other. The boys played and wrestled; three negro women who were present began to knit; and in half an hour the interest in this criminal so far waned that the next one was wished for.

At eleven o'clock a man appeared, bearing a long ladder; with the aid of this he ascended to the platform, unfastened the latch of the yoke, and lifted the upper portion. The prisoner withdrew his head and his arms, stretched himself, saluted his fellow-criminals at the cell-windows, and then ran down the ladder with great nimbleness, and walked off toward the jail-door with a rapid and a somewhat jaunty step.

The next culprit was a very tall and slender negro. He wore upon his head a round cloth cap, tipped rakishly upon one side. He hastened up the ladder, and afforded the turnkey every assistance in his power. He rested his neck and his wrists in the apertures made to receive them, and felt the upper plank descend upon him with the utmost unconcern. The throng gathered anew, and gazed at his black features and rolling eyes with great amusement. It pleased the gazers to see him bend, as he did almost at a right angle, and the gayety indicated by the position of his cap contrasted most vividly with the pain and helplessness displayed in his position.

It was not long before his gaunt body became restless, yet his countenance bore to the very last that singular make-believe dignity of expression that negroes assume with so much facility.

As the twelve o'clock bell struck he was released, and the crowd became greater, for the whipping was now in order.

Hunger, however, interfered. The sheriff felt inclined to dine before he entered upon

his disagreeable task; therefore there was a "nooning," a pause for rest between the events of the morning and the events that were to occur.

The boys fell to playing once again, the men went off to get their lunch, the prisoners descended from their perches, the dogs chased each other around the pillory, and every thing was at peace.

Several incidents occurred to delay the flagellation, and it was not until the afternoon was half gone that the news ran from one group to another in the vicinity of the jail that the comedy was about to proceed.

The yard immediately filled up again. Everybody was breathless. All the projections and elevations that could afford footholds supported eager lookers-on. The lads were of the coarsest kind, and the men were mostly brutal; perhaps it was just this class that it was designed to impress.

The sheriff appeared. He is a tall, broad-shouldered man, with an iron face, and a thief-taker's eye. Duties that are disagreeable to officers of his grade are usually intrusted to minor men, but, in this case, no one had been found willing to be a substitute; he himself was compelled to administer the punishment. He wore a square uniform cap, with a broad visor, and in his hand he carried the whip.

This whip consisted of a yellow stock thirty inches long; to this were attached the nine leathern thongs that tradition declares efficacious; they were as thick as a pencil, and they were about as long as the stock.

The people gazed upon this implement with curiosity; and the sheriff, while waiting, placed some tobacco in his mouth, and he chewed it as those do that are laboring under great inward excitement. Outwardly he was calm and serious. He threw several glances upon the people, but he had nothing apparently to fear.

Presently the first victim was led forth by the turnkey. He was the young man that had been fixed in the pillory. His sentence had consisted of three methods of punishment: the prison, the pillory, and the lash. He had endured the pains of one, was about to endure the pains of a second, and then would be ready to begin his period of incarceration. He must have begun to think that his whistle had cost him dear.

He approached the place where he was expected to stand with great alacrity, whipping off his coat as he came. The upper part of his body was bare. He carefully folded his jacket, and thrust it into the braces of the platform above his head. Then he faced the post, placed his wrists in iron loops that were provided for the purpose, some six feet from the ground, and then stood ready.

The sheriff stepped back a pace or two, swung out his whip in the faces of the people, and made them fall back. They retired with great precipitation, stumbling over one another in their eagerness to escape. Thus, the prisoner and the executioner stood alone in the centre of a ring.

The turnkey read the name of the culprit, and stated the number of lashes that he was to receive. The number was ten. He then passed to the other side and stood ready to count.

The first blow was then given. The sheriff trailed the whip behind him, and then brought it slowly forward with his forearm. The lashes followed the stock, and fell upon the prisoner's back almost as one. He flinched slightly and only slightly. The blow was not a forcible one; indeed, so lacking in strength was it, that the people thought it merely a preliminary given to warn the victim to prepare himself against the terrors to come.

But the second was just like it; so was the third and the fourth. The lookers-on expressed great displeasure. This was child's play! This was the worst sort of foolery! There were no shrieks! There was no blood! No, not even a scoring of the flesh! At the tenth blow, and when the sheriff dropped his arm by his side, there was a general titter.

The prisoner's back was flushed, and no more. Had he worked in a sunny cornfield half a dozen hours, his flesh would have received a deeper discoloration. Had some one only smiled on the sheriff's daughter, she would have blushed a finer red than that.

In fact, the lightness of the punishment was a serious inconvenience to the man himself. It was impossible for him to show endurance when it was clear that there was nothing to endure. By his manner he invited admiration for his fortitude, but all the ease of his carriage, as he left the whipping-post and returned to the jail, went for naught. The deepest pain that he received was, no doubt, derived from the failure of an opportunity to show himself to be a hero.

The next victim was the tall negro that had been pilloried. He came out with his clothing on, not having understood that it was necessary that his back should be bare. This fault in his perception occasioned great amusement, and even the sheriff smiled. The mistake was rectified, and he was tied up like the other, and he took his castigation with the same *sang-froid*, although it consisted of twenty lashes instead of ten.

The next man received thirty blows; and, although the flush upon his back at the end of the infliction was proportionately deeper than those produced upon the backs of the others, yet there was not the slightest approach to an abrasion of the skin, and he bore the punishment without the smallest show of discomfort. To be sure, he had shrugged his shoulders a little, but he would have done the same had the blows been administered with a skein of worsted. The movement had been purely a nervous one, and not one caused by pain.

The remaining prisoners were treated in like manner. The punishments were performed rapidly and with little ceremony. The people made no remarks whatever either of disapproval or of encouragement to the sufferers.

The lash had fallen upon the backs of the men merely with the force of its own weight and a languid impetus, and there had been none of that vigorous, free-armed thrashing that was once a part of army and navy discipline. The sheriff's elbow had been fixed to his side, and had never once left it in the ad-

ministering of the whipping. The motion had been purely one of the wrist and forearm, and, as such, had been comparatively without power.

The last criminal upon the list was a negro who had been whipped twice before, and this case was, indeed, an exceptional one. The sheriff gave him a somewhat sounder punishment than he had given the others, yet it was far from being severe. The man barely flinched, and, when he was released, he threw his coat over his shoulders, and bade the sheriff a braggadocio "good-evening!" Upon the cessation of this entertainment the people slowly left the yard.

Now, there can be no manner of doubt that the purpose of the Delaware statute was fully and satisfactorily accomplished by the use of the punishment described. The statistics show that very few people are whipped a second time, and, as castigation is imperatively made a part of punishments for certain classes of crime, it is right to say, therefore, that very few persons commit the same crime twice within the jurisdiction of Delaware courts.

The attribute of this method of treating criminals that produces the effect, is the exposure of the prisoner before the public under humiliating circumstances. The actual bodily pain endured is unimportant, and does not act in any case as a detriment. It is his exhibition before a heterogeneous multitude that constitutes the real suffering of the culprit.

In brief, the Delaware statutes seek to suppress and abolish crime by fixing an indelible stain upon all who commit sins against the laws.

They afford no opportunity for the judge to discriminate between the unfortunates that are paraded before him, but each and all that are convicted of certain offenses, no matter what may have been the qualifying conditions and motives of their wrong-doing, are imperatively condemned to the pillory and the lash.

Nothing can be more patent than that the law which seeks to fix disgrace upon an offender exceeds its true office to a great and terrible extent. Law specifies the variety and quality of crimes with an exactness that is nicety itself. It fully recognizes that the presence of a small ingredient in the wicked act elevates it into a higher grade of criminality, and that, because it lacks this particular feature, it escapes by just so much a more sinister classification. It is true that punishments for these definite grades are not well proportioned. It is one of the most dreadful faults in our method of dealing with criminals that the penalties applied are often grossly at variance with the importance of the acts committed. Yet, in all the States, with the exception of Delaware, a time comes to each criminal when he may step forth from his prison quitted of debt to the law. A moment must arrive, sooner or later, when, for his specified crime, he can claim that he has paid a specified and legal penalty. But, having been punished in Delaware, no such justice and satisfaction can be his. His punishment is "continued" on and on until the day of his death, consisting as it does of his al-

most certain encounter with some one of the legalized witnesses of his old public exposure.

The Delaware statutes have only to do with the fact that this particular man committed this particular wrong, and that this particular punishment must follow as a consequence. There is left to the magistrate no discretion. If there be brought before him a man who has committed a theft in obedience to his wicked or his slothful nature, and another who has done a similar wrong under dire distress or sudden and spasmodic temptation, he is obliged to punish both with the same method; both must be whipped, and both must be exposed, with the express purpose of fixing upon them one and the same ineffaceable stigma. No one need descend upon the great wrong involved in the application of such laws. It is only necessary to reflect for a moment to perceive its injustice. But it is of little use in Delaware. Her people are too contented to be comparatively free of evil-doers and of prison-taxes, to care much about these faults and inconsistencies. Still, there is a way to attain the same results by the use of fairer means.

Were one to undertake to reform the criminal machinery of Delaware he would begin by taking down the pillory. It is both useless and mischievous, and so is the famous letter "C;" both should suffer abolishment in the same edict. The letter "C" is, as we have said, the initial character of the word "convict," and upon the emergence of a prisoner from jail after the expiration of his sentence, he is required, in case his crime has been one of a class especially designated by statute, to wear upon his back for some months, sewed upon his jacket, this emblem in white cloth.

The spirit of this law is the same as that which requires the use of the pillory, and it deserves the same quick oblivion.

With the whipping-clause, however, a reformer would not deal so summarily. He would modify the statutes by which it is used, but he would not sweep it entirely away.

He would decide, after a long and patient study of criminal life as it appears in the various under-courts, that there is a class of rascals whose best corrector is a long whip.

Delaware commits the error of flogging everybody indiscriminately. High and low, fine and brutal, erring and wicked, old and young, nervous and phlegmatic, are sent to the whipping-post under a single fiat, and with a strange confidence that all will receive a like benefit. It is a serious mistake, and it might easily be corrected by granting to the justices an option in the sentences they impose. They would then be able to select, from among the culprits arraigned before them, a scant few upon whose willful and savage natures persuasions and simple imprisonment could never operate.

Delaware, singularly enough, does not whip for the sake of whipping, but merely for the purpose of exposing her criminals to the multitude under special conditions. A reformer, while protesting that this plan of saddling men with specific shame is contrary to the spirit of all civilized communities, might insist that to give certain classes of culprits

a sound thrashing in private would be just and wholesome.

Every session of a court of justice brings to the surface a few minor wretches who, guilty of peculiar atrocities, or peculiar viciousness, or peculiar wantonness, deserve some sharp, sudden, and violent inflictions that may bring home to them, then and there, in the heat of their trials and exposés, a pain commensurate, to a reasonable extent, with the wrongs they have committed. It is not enough that they are fairly and temperately tried, and that they are placed in a clean prison to wait in patience the expiration of their short sentences. They may have "discounted" all this at the outset; what is wanted is some method of piercing the callousness of their spirits, and of wringing them hard in some way or other.

It is pretty safe to say that no man learns with full satisfaction that a child-beater has been sent to the county-jail for a year, or that a house-burner, or a track-obstructor, or a cattle-maimer, or a garroter, or a seller of bad meat, or a defacer of buildings, or a panic-maker, or a brutal horse-owner, is only mulcted of a fine, and deprived a while of his liberty. To offenders like these, and also to many others of the same brotherhood, it is contended that a whipping, given with a strong arm and willing spirit, would produce the only emotion that would prevent them from indulging their idiosyncrasies a second time, to say nothing of the sincere repentance it would cause for ever having indulged them at all.

A whipping-post in the yard of the Tombs would be found a capital adjunct to the police-courts.

Scarcely a day passes but there is found among the hordes of wretches collected during the previous twenty-four hours some beings whose only vulnerable place is their backs, and whose dull and deadened souls receive no rebukes whatever from the discomforts and restraints of simple imprisonment. They commit their crimes, burden the State with the cost of their support, and presently emerge upon the world once again, having won a pretty clear victory, and having been taught little or nothing of the rights of the society they have outraged, or of its anger at being so outraged.

It is dangerous to speak of the whipping-post as a mere relic of a harsher age, for it is more likely that we shall have to bring it in again, and one cannot help feeling sure we shall be better off after it appears. The idleness of insisting that cool judgment and slow punishment are best for all crimes is beginning to be evident, and it is natural to wish that a little hot retribution might follow close upon certain hot-headed sins that happen in our midst.

JUNE DAYS.

JUNE days, boon days!

I can no more hide their splendor,
I can no more hold their praises,
Than the lawn can hide its daisies—
Than the song-birds cease to render
Unto Heaven their praise.

Glad hours, sad hours,
All the months beside do bring me,
Mixed in most unequal measure;
Into dreams of cloudless pleasure,
All the sweet June voices sing me—
Under leafy bowers.

Sweet days, fleet days;
Briefest, though they shine the longest!
So I stint my hours of sleeping,
From my sense their beauty keeping—
When my greed of light is strongest,
On their perfect ways.

June days, boon days—
Earth and sky they fuse together;
Emerald and sapphire splendor,
Glow and melt to radiance tender—
From the alembic of their weather,
In a violet haze.

W. C. RICHARDS.

MISCELLANY.

MINOR ORIGINAL ARTICLES, TRANSLATIONS, AND SELECTIONS.

THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

(Translated from "Les Cimetières de Paris" for the JOURNAL.)

THE Cemetery of the Innocents is the only one of the Parisian cemeteries that has attained a legendary fame. For a long time it was the place for aristocratic burial, and it was considered an honor for a citizen family to have ancestors in the Holy Innocents. Afterward it became the common trench, the putrefying vat, as it was called, where twenty-two parishes, the Hôtel Dieu, and the inner prison of the Châtelet, poured their dead. It was for centuries, in the most populous and frequented part of the city, a centre of infection always kept alive, and more than one of the plagues that have ravaged the city can be directly traced to its influence. It belonged originally to the vast tract of land called the Champeaux, upon which have been built the market-houses, extending at the present time to the termination of the streets Croix and Neuve-des-Petits-Champs. A tradition asserts that burials took place here at the time of the Roman occupation, and the fact is not improbable, for the Champeaux were traversed by a road passing from Lutetia toward the northern provinces. In 1186 Philip Augustus inclosed it with walls; before this time it was a neglected spot, open to the public, and used on certain days of the year as a place for the sale of horses. A church, dedicated to the Holy Innocents, was built, and numerous arcades were erected around the cemetery, supporting charnel-houses, or places of deposit for bones. It was considered a great honor to enlarge and embellish this cemetery, a pious work that claimed divine indulgence.

In the course of time the church-vaults were so full of corpses, that, after the commencement of the sixteenth century, it was not rare to see coffins ranged along the walls waiting till a place could be found for them. A few interments of private individuals took place in the cemetery, but the mode of burial for the common people was atrocious. Great trenches were dug, into which twelve hundred and sometimes fifteen hundred dead bodies were thrown pell-mell, one upon the other. When the ground was full, as often happened, the more ancient dead were disinterred, and

their bones thrown into the charnel-houses surmounting the arcades. The average of interments was two thousand a year. The space was extremely limited; the whole site, including the church, contained only about ten thousand seven hundred square yards. Typhus fever held permanent sway in the houses bordering on the walls of the cemetery, which, surrounded on all sides by lofty structures, resembled a vast pit, whose bottom consisted of human putrefaction. In 1554 the people were roused to some idea of this fearful danger. Two learned physicians, Fernel and Houllier, were chosen to investigate the subject and prepare a report. They urged the immediate suppression of the cemetery, but were not listened to. Time passed, the danger increased, and the neighboring inhabitants uttered cries of distress. The Academy of Sciences in 1737 chose three of its members for the same purpose; their conclusions agreed with those of Fernel, and met the same fate.

It must be said, in excuse for such consideration of this pestilential spot, that the Parisians loved their cemetery, where they could see beautiful processions with incense, and hear psalmodies rung out upon the chimes on certain holidays. They came there willingly to offer their prayers at the popular church of the Holy Innocents, to admire the funeral monuments, the chapels, the tombs, the alabaster skeleton falsely attributed to Germain Pilon, the ancient pulpit where he preached so eloquently during the League, the Glatine cross, the statue of Christ, called the God of the city, and the tower of Notre-Dame des Bois, where every evening a lamp was lighted, which served for a beacon to this field of the dead. All kinds of trade were carried on there; in the galleries, milliners and linen-drappers sold their goods; against the pillars of the arcades, under the charnel-houses that bent beneath the weight of the bones, public writers had placed their tables, and furnished epistolary literature at a fixed price. The Messrs. de Villiers, who visited the charnel-houses in 1657, say: "If it is in the grand style, the letter is worth from ten to twenty cents; if in the humble style, it is only five or six cents." The crowd was always moving; it was a regular promenade, and kind of imitation of the famous galleries of the palace. All the Parisians were persuaded that the earth of the cemetery of the Innocents had the property of consuming corpses in twenty-four hours.

Seeing that the civil authority was powerless, and that the Church would not close this pestilential sewer, Parliament interposed. By a decree made in 1763, it had ordered the Parisian parishes, the commissaries, and the officers of the Châtelet to make an inquiry into the number of deaths, and the inconveniences of the common method of burial. This very delicate question, which touched habits deeply rooted, and religious sentiments worthy of respect, was carefully investigated, and, as a result, Parliament issued the celebrated decree of 1765, forbidding interments in the existing cemeteries and in the churches, and ordering the selection of seven or eight cemeteries outside the city. The decree was to take effect on the 1st of January, 1766. It was plain and clear: was it promptly obeyed? By no means; the interments in the churches were uninterrupted, and the dead were buried in trenches at the Innocents as in the past.

In 1780 an accident occurred which frightened and convinced the most unyielding. The earth, crammed with dead bodies to the depth of twenty-six feet, could contain no more; it was gorged beyond measure, and vomited forth its putrefaction. In February, 1780, an inhabitant of the Rue de la Lingerie, opening his cellar, was driven back by an odor so insupportable that he made his escape, and went to seek his neighbors. A number of

them returned with him, and, growing bold, and protecting themselves from infection by handkerchiefs saturated with vinegar, they beheld a horrible sight. The earth, swollen by recent rains, had made a thrust against the intermediate walls; a large breach was opened, through which a downfall of corpses had found entrance. The police tried to conceal the occurrence, and the journals were forbidden to speak of it, but all Paris soon knew the condition of the cemetery. A cry arose which would be heard; the civil authority was very firm, and adopted a peremptory decision; and yet the cemetery was not permanently closed until December 1, 1870.

But it was not enough to lay an interdiction upon it, it must be suppressed; and in 1876 the archbishop granted the authority for this purpose. It had, however, been anticipated. De Crosne, recently appointed lieutenant-general of police, wishing to become popular with the Parisians by giving them a vegetable-market, with a discernment showing much political sagacity, had chosen for a site the Cemetery of the Innocents. It was necessary, in order to render it appropriate for its new destination, to pull down the church, to carry away the funeral monuments, to throw down the one hundred and sixty-five arcades and the charnel-houses they supported, to remove the bones, to carry away the infected earth, and to dig the soil deep enough to avoid all future danger. The Royal Society of Medicine commissioned Thourout to watch, and, if necessary, to direct the work. No time was lost, and the commission commenced the work in December, 1873. Squads of workmen relieved each other, laboring day and night. It was first proposed to make a subterranean cemetery for the reception of the disinterred bones, but it was afterward decided to make use of the extensive quarries whence were taken the materials for most of the buildings of old Paris, and whose entrance was at the Tombe-Issoire. This new necropolis was consecrated by the clergy April 7, 1876; it is the Catacombs. All the bones collected from the Innocents were carried there; the priests accompanied the funeral-cars, which usually started from the quarter of the market-place, toward the close of day, and reached their destination at nightfall. The report of Thourout tells us, in rather pretentious language, the manner in which the dead were installed in the abode chosen for them: "The aspect of this subterranean region, the thick vaults that seemed to separate it from the abode of the living, the thoughtful mood of the assistants, the sombre light of the place, its profound silence, the frightful crash of the bones, precipitated and rolling with a noise that was resounded in the distance from the vaults, all recalled to the mind at this moment the image of Death, and seemed to offer to the eyes the spectacle of destruction."

The site of the old cemetery, cleaned, paved, and adorned with a fountain, became the well-known vegetable-market. The workmen who labored under the direction of Thourout did not, however, carry away all the human remains hidden in the earth. Different buildings added to the market-house in 1808 and 1811 involved a disturbance of the soil that led to the discovery of a quantity of bones. In 1830, during the Revolution of July, a bloody combat occurred on the market-place. The people, moved by ancient tradition, and wishing to bury their dead, dug up the land near the fountain; and, at the first blow of the pickaxe, fragments of a skeleton appeared. When, at the commencement of the Second Empire, the pavilions of the market-place were constructed on a new model, bones were found; and, if the earth is disturbed, they will always be found. Six consecutive centuries of interments leave traces that do not easily disappear.

THE PIANO.

A REPLY TO JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE ON "THE PIANO-PASSION."

IN the number of the 16th of May, the JOURNAL prints an article, entitled "The Piano-Passion," which, in consequence of the very acceptable style in which it is written, and a certain air of plausibility which it carries with it, may have been instrumental in misleading a great many persons in regard to the importance of the study of the piano-forte as a means of musical education, especially since the great majority of the people may be fairly presumed not to possess a very correct judgment on educational matters in general, and musical education in particular.

The tenor of this effort was, that much valuable time and labor are being wasted by American children in learning the piano-forte, in so far as only a very limited number of American children possess (in his opinion) sufficient musical talent to warrant the undertaking of this difficult study. The writer even goes so far as to insinuate that, "as a people, we are not musical—at least not in the sense in which the Germans and Italians are. We do not inherit any special love of music, and many of us cultivate it wholly against the grain."

Now, Mr. Junius Henri Browne might, with just as much truth, have said that we (Americans), as a people, are not philosophical, or æsthetic, or artistic, taking his conclusion from the fact that, as with musicians, America does not produce as many artists, philosophers, etc., as Germany. This, of course, is a fact which no one would for one moment attempt to dispute; but the cause of Americans not being musicians, philosophers, etc., does not rest in the fact that certain intellectual predispositions are wanting in the Americans, but in the fact that, as a people, they are too excessively utilitarian, and do not develop the faculties which they possess in the same persevering and methodical manner in which the Germans develop theirs. This idea of native genius has been too much of a bugbear among students of professions, and many have thrown away the brush or the music, thinking they could not learn, when, in fact, they did not possess enough of perseverance and application to climb the heights. The classic Greeks, in representing the Muses as residing on Mount Parnassus, wished to insinuate that, in order to enjoy their smiles, one must toil, struggle, climb. My experience as a music-teacher in America has taught me that, wherever children of Americans and Germans were placed in like circumstances, the average talent was the same; and, if American children often fail to excel in music, it is for the following reasons:

First, because they commence the study of the piano-forte too late in life. The proper age, with most children, is between six and seven years; then the mind craves not yet for so much variety as at a later period, and the fingers are supple enough to admit of easy and perfect adaptation to the mechanism of the instrument.

Secondly, because the discipline at home is too lax, and admits, in many cases, of too precocious development, which is the untimely end of all continued, well-directed effort; and such effort is indispensably necessary, even with the most gifted of children, in the pursuit of musical studies.

Thirdly, the want of musical animation at home.—The unfortunate fact that men are not æsthetically educated in this country, and have neither taste for nor any knowledge of music, causes the mother to neglect her piano very soon after marriage; and the children, not hearing any music at home, lose the op-

portunity of training the ear at a time when that organ is most susceptible of culture.

From these causes, more than that from lack of talent, do American children fail to learn. But, admitting even that there are a great many children in the country who are not capable of ever learning music, the attempt to do so is not very likely to hurt them; for, as a means of mental discipline, aside from musical enjoyment, the piano stands unrivaled. The question of talent is not at all as difficult to decide as it appears to Mr. Browne. *Any child that can sing or whistle a tune, after having heard it a few times, and who has normal control over its ten fingers, may be considered as sufficiently equipped by Nature to undertake the study of the piano-forte.* The greatest error in parents and children is, when they attempt to teach or to learn music as a means to show off "to good advantage in society." Music should be a means of personal enjoyment with the persons performing it, and the reader may depend upon it that the enjoyment of the listener will always be commensurate with the enjoyment of the player. Where Rubinstein and Liszt have often failed to awaken musical sympathy by playing a difficult composition, for which they were not in the proper humor, a very inferior pianist might have touched to the quick, by playing a simple tune that came from the heart and went to the heart. It was certainly Mr. Browne's greatest mistake when he said: "The piano, as mastered by Liszt, Von Bulow, or Rubinstein, is a wonder of delight; the piano, as teased by a school-girl, is a supreme pest." I would not be afraid to wager that, if I were to subject Mr. Junius Henry Browne to a number of concertos by Chopin, or a number of *fugues* by Bach, "as mastered by Liszt, Von Bulow, and Rubinstein," and give him the alternative of hearing a simple English or Scotch air, with variations, or even a waltz by Strauss, "as teased by a school-girl," he would, on second trial, prefer the latter; unless, indeed, he should himself have advanced to those heights where the compositions of the modern German romantic school are understood and appreciated. By making this last statement, I do not wish to cast any slur on Mr. Browne's musical knowledge; only, I know that there are a great many musicians even who hear Liszt, Rubinstein, and Von Bulow, more from a desire to be astonished, than to enjoy. Besides, the enjoyment of music, as far as the performer is concerned (and this is the principal consideration), depends not at all on the degree of difficulty which the composition presents, nor on the nicety of execution; but each player enjoys the music of the piano on which he stands. A little school-girl, playing a simple waltz, or polka, or little song, enjoys her performance as much, and perhaps far more, than Rubinstein the Kreutzer Sonata, or the Kreisleriana.

Be these things as they may, it seems to me a very reckless and irresponsible proceeding on the part of any one, at this period of dawning American culture and education, to discourage parents and children, by placing this horrid phantom of genius before them. A strong will and honest endeavor are always better than the most brilliant genius; for, with these, the student, in any sphere of art or science whatsoever, is bound to accomplish something. It is better that one child in a thousand should try for a year, or for a few years, to learn music and fail therein, than that the majority of the nine hundred and ninety-nine should leave it untried, from a presupposed lack of genius. As I have already stated, the study of the piano is an excellent means of intellectual training; I should have added, that it is no less an opportunity for training of character. Carlyle, the burly Scotchman, has said, with great force and truth, that "Habit is the deepest law of hu-

man nature." A child, that is from its earliest infancy trained to do its little duties at proper times and in proper manner, will, in after-life, perform also the more serious and difficult duties of life promptly and correctly, because such conduct will then have become its normal condition. Mr. Browne tries to ridicule the practice of the piano by saying: "Contemporaneous mothers seem more concerned about their daughters' 'practising' than about their reading, their breeding, or their associations. It is the first thing they inquire after in the morning, and the last thing at night. 'Mary, my dear, have you practised to-day?' is a stereotyped question in many households; and Mary, whether in the mood or not, is banished to the music-room for a stint of dolorous insipidities."

Now it would, in my humble opinion, be the very best thing in the world if every little girl in America were thus prevailed upon by her mother to perform the duty of practising regularly and diligently; for, by so doing for a number of years, a methodical and systematic performance of all kinds of duties would become a second nature to her.

It is my honest and deep-seated conviction that American children are not lacking in musical talent; but, on the contrary, I think the time is not far off when music will find a permanent home in every American household, and when American artists will hold rank with those of any other nation!*

A. SCHINDELMEISSER.

ST. LOUIS, June 1st.

M. THIERS.

THE world does not know M. Thiers. That fact is made clear by a letter which he wrote to M. Emile de Girardin while he was President of the Republic, and which has recently been published. We had all pictured M. Thiers as a restless man of action, never satisfied except when he was the visible centre of sovereign power or of intrigue, and he certainly seemed to draw an ecstatic joy from the restless life of the presidency. There used to be an indescribable look of satisfaction on his small, bright face, as he came into the Assembly on field-days, and pushed his way through a crowd of devotees, who paid him such homage as might have fed the vanity of a born king. His keen eyes blinked more brightly as he went up to the tribune, and prepared for the fray. He appeared to draw delight from the sullen hostility of the royalist deputies—the delight which a vigorous wrestler feels on seeing a stout enemy whom he means to throw. The carefully-prepared sarcasms, the little poisoned darts of epigrammatic malice, which he flung with easy skill at sensitive foes, the contemptuous challenges which he addressed to the whole army of royalists, all betokened the fighter who has eagerly stripped for the work, and who really likes it. Sometimes, it is true, he would have a deep rhetorical sigh at the bitter necessity of thus spending the days of his old age in wrangling, and he would remind the nation what a sacrifice he was making for its sake; but everybody understood that note of sorrow to be only the graceful way in which a great actor was fishing for applause. Of course, M. Thiers did not mean to be taken at his word. Had the matter admitted of any doubt, it would have been banished by the kind of fury with which he flung himself into the least as well as the greatest of his duties. He would make appointments to meet deputies and journalists at an hour in the morning when no intellectual Englishman is out of bed. He would chat gayly with political friends at lunch, and then run at once to the Assembly, ready to let off an explosive speech. An hour after

the Assembly had risen he was entertaining a dozen or two of his political friends or enemies to dinner, and talking more energetically than the youngest of the company. A reception would follow, and, turning lightly from a discourse on the only policy that would save France, he would plunge into a dissertation on the art of the Renaissance. Nor would he rest even when the Assembly itself took a holiday. He once ran down to the seaside after a crisis, in which he himself had been overthrown for a moment, and in which, it is said, orders were given to hold the troops in readiness to keep down any inconvenient expressions of revolutionary opinion; but even then he was busy for half the day in studying experiments in marine gunnery, and for the other half, said the satirists, in writing a book on the immortality of the soul. Next he would rush to Paris, to develop trade by giving large but frugal receptions at the Palace of the Elysée. Three thousand people would troop through the historic rooms in a single evening, and M. Thiers would make three thousand bows. At one hour he would find himself shut in by a brilliant throng of princes, nobles, marshals, generals, statesmen, and ladies of fashion, and he would vigorously return compliments, exchange retorts, and give instruction all round. Strange as the fact may seem, he bore at such times a queer likeness to the Great Napoleon. His small figure, his pale face, and his keen eyes, as he stood in the midst of tall princes and soldiers, and as he looked up at a boyish angle every time that he spoke to his bending companions, formed a caricature of the emperor standing among his marshals. . . . Canning enemies used to insinuate that he was overtasking himself, and that he ought to take more rest for the sake of France. The Orleanists were also eager to keep him out of the tribune altogether, in order, as they said, to prevent the presidential dignity from being ruffled by the rude collisions of debate. So they invited M. Thiers to stay at home on the days of great debate, but he laughed merrily at the transparent craft of all attempts to make him hold his tongue, the very instrument of his power, and he assured them that he was not tired in the least. Then they tried to prevent his tongue from producing the magically instantaneous effect which it has so often had in divisions, by decreeing not only that he should formally give notice when he intended to speak, but that the Assembly should adjourn after he had finished. Still all these devices were only like the wiles of Delilah, and it was not until the Samson of the republic was shorn of his locks in the form of his majority that he fell into the hands of the Philistines. But they were not able to put out his eyes, and his hair is growing again with alarming speed. Every new election is adding to its length, and if the process be not stopped again by cropping all the republican voters, it will soon bring back such strength that he will easily pull down the temple of the Philistines.

The friends as well as the enemies of M. Thiers wondered how he could pass the time when he was suddenly flung into comparative obscurity. But he is eager to make them believe that they mistook the very essence of his nature—that he is a mystic, instead of a bustling man of the world, and that he was never more of a mystic than when he was talking, intriguing, fighting, and appearing to enjoy the stir from sunrise to sunset. He himself attests the truth of that interesting fact in the letter which he wrote to his friend M. Emile de Girardin, while he was the most powerful, the most public, and the most talkative man in France. He says that he is sick of politics, and intrigues, and squabbles. Politics have no longer any absorbing interest for an old man like him, and he does not

care for power. He is a philosopher, not a party leader; his thoughts lie in the misty speculations of the pure reason, and not in the paltry definiteness of finance; he would gladly lay down all the pomp and the authority of the state, if he could only get back to his beloved books. A metaphysical Cincinnati, he has come from the plough to save the republic, but he is eager to get back again. He has a great book in hand, which is supposed to deal with the existence of a spiritual world, and the immortality of the soul. He wished to be in Patmos all the time that he was supposed to be clinging to power as men do to a first necessity of existence, and he was reflecting that if the Centres would unite, he would be able to finish his Apocalypse. The opportunity came sooner than he had expected, and it is supposed that he has since been writing his Book of the Revelation. He thinks that the supreme want of France is a philosophy built on a demonstration of the fact that man has a soul as well as a body. She is, he believes, cursed by the demon of Materialism. Her physiologists have analyzed or cut away the spirit. One of them, who boasted that his scalpel had never come across a soul, was a real type of modern Frenchmen. Comte has erected materialism into a religious system, Taine has subtly interwoven it with his brilliant pictures of society and literature, and Littré has sowed it broadcast through his "Dictionary." The materialists are poisoning France as swiftly as they did on the eve of the Revolution, when Diderot was a kind of evangelical atheist, possessed with a consuming passion for converting man to the belief that the only heaven was Paris, that the only hell was the Bastille, that the only spirit of evil was the Church. M. Thiers is as anxious to stem that tide of materialism as he is to found the republic, and he proposes to do it by means of the Academy.—*London Spectator*.

ESTIMATE OF LOVER AS A SONG-WRITER.

SONGS, lightly at times as we are inclined to value them, have their place in human history. Coeval with man's childhood, they were the companions of his growth, and it is to their music he has marched out of the shadows of antiquity. More than any thing, perhaps, they have served to denote his nationality. Of all a people's characteristics, what are so striking as their songs? Patriotic, bacchanalian, amatory, or martial, they spring from all that is deepest and strongest in the emotions of a race, colored by all that is most distinctive in its records and traditions. If they come to us from its peasantry, they convey the national feelings in all their vigor and simplicity; if we owe them to its society, they give those feelings under the influence of the national culture and refinement.

And, while so venerable in their origin, how beneficent have been their uses! If they may not claim a place in the highest class of a country's literature, how often have they fulfilled some of the highest and noblest ends! We may demur, perhaps, to the saying of the patriotic Scot, that so he might write a people's ballads he cared not who should make their laws—a remark which could only apply to a very early stage of society; but who would underrate the value of the especial voice of our affinities, the chosen minister of the affections; the song that can do so much for our individual joy and good, and still keep strong in us the ties of our universal kindred—that can stir a nation's pulse in all the great crises of its history, and yet along life's daily path help the humblest to support his burdens?

The song-writer, then, is one who discharges a task of some importance. He can sway or sustain our feelings when graver agencies would fail us, and by a means whose very simplicity makes its influence more complete. Thus, a Burns, the peasant songster, can master the hearts of multitudes with the warmth, the strength, the naturalness of his passion, or his pathos; thus, a Moore, the songster of society, can thrill as deeply-cultured natures with a tenderness and fancy, touched with the last graces of refinement; thus, a Béranger, gayest, wittiest, freest, staunchest of patriot songsters, can respond to every mood and almost memory of an ardent people; and thus a Körner or an Arndt, burning at a long-borne degradation, can call, as with a trumpet, on a prostrate race to rise.

All these men stand out preëminent; they had each their work allotted to them, and they did it with an excellence that is not likely to be surpassed. But the field of each was ample—there was still room for others to follow who could partake a portion of their power, and diffuse, in some degree, their influence; and, amid a group so meritorious, where, it may be asked, is the place of Lover? His is also the sphere of Moore—the world of taste and cultivation, the inner and calmer region of refined and suave society, which, mostly inspired by, he has reflected in many graceful compositions; and, if it was not the only world he sung of, if there was also that of peasant-life, it was because the latter became the object of a highly-honorable aim. It was the greatest triumph of Moore that his enchanting melodies had the effect of attracting sympathy to Ireland, when England, still engaged in an exhausting foreign struggle, was most indifferent to her cries; and I think it may be said of Lover, that he sought to direct this awakened feeling to the quarter of all others which required its influence the most—that of the derided Irish peasant.

National prejudice had so long incrustated him with vulgarity and coarseness, had so distorted and besmirched him by successive caricatures, had shown him to be so drunken and so brutal, in a stream of songs, stories, and farces, which, putting occasional excesses in the light of fixed and ordinary habits, made his gayety as disgusting as his fury was appalling—that English society had only been able to enjoy his humor under restraint, and could not avoid being repelled from him even when it was most diverted. If it was impossible not to laugh at him, it was just as difficult to like him; he was quite as much a butt for sarcasm as he was a prime source of hilarity.

Such an unjust impression as this could not fail to revolt Lover, who knew that, if the peasant class had not improved in the degree of others, it had much less of the vice and grossness that were common to the past century—less of that barbarity, the melancholy legacy of misery and ignorance, which drink could so readily kindle, and wrong so much exasperate. Poor Pat, he knew, was possessed of a far more reasonable and amenable nature than his detractors had ever allowed him, a spirit more affectionate, a gayety more capable of being amusing without coarseness, and buoyant without uproar; and, thus convinced, he also felt that, if this truer picture of the man could be shown in a series of songs adapted to popular national airs, or other music as appropriate, and addressed to the taste and sympathy of good society, Irish and English, it would not only supply its hearers with a new and welcome entertainment, but possibly awaken in English circles a kinder feeling toward a class which they had so little understood, and so imperfectly been pleased with.

Lover, of course, in such a scheme, could

not present the entire man. The peasant had a passionate and tragic side which lay beyond our poet's reach—he could only show him as he felt and liked him, and as he believed others would like him also, if they could only grow familiar with his gayer and better nature. Thus originated that class of songs by which he is so worthily distinguished, that group of compositions which has such a stamp of nationality—those lyrics of love and humor, which, in their union with grace and tenderness, are so unique in modern literature, and which, just as delightful as they are original, are recommended by the further merit that, agreeably to their design, they must have conciliated and interested almost as many as they have amused.—“*Life of Samuel Lover*” (London, 1874).

BENJAMIN WEST.

BENJAMIN WEST united in his youth a remarkable share of worldly discretion with a remarkable conviction of his own genius, and some specious gifts which seemed to justify that conviction. Signs and portents had accompanied his birth among the Quaker community of Pennsylvania; as he grew up he impressed his friends by a flashing eye and a poetic brow; the opinion spread among them that he was born to initiate an era of new and nobler arts in the Western Continent. This opinion preceded him to Europe, and secured for him the ovations of the *dilettante* society of Rome. He drew and composed with surprising ease, and occupied himself with none but the sublimest subjects. He made lofty pretensions, yet carried himself so as to offend no man. Presently he came to England, and before long had made his way, through an archbishop, to the favor of the king. In that favor—forgetting his mission in the Western Continent—he lived and worked in sleekness for thirty-five years, and on the death of Reynolds became president of the Royal Academy. One of West's earlier performances in England, the “Death of Wolfe,” is well known, and was an example, new in its time, of a natural order of patriotic art which he would have done well to carry further. But he did not carry it further: it was his countryman Copley, who, in our school, took up the representation of contemporary events in war and history, often, as in his “Death of Chatham,” and “Death of Lieutenant Pearson,” with very interesting results. West returned into an historical cycle of the other kind; he painted over and over again the great events of Greek and Roman history, and the capital subjects which have become venerable by their connection with our religion. His art, indeed, cost him neither research by its motives nor painful toil in its execution. His talent was fit for obvious texts and school-boy quotations with groups of heroic figures in ideal costumes. No one has ever achieved this with greater facility, or with so much applause of his own and of his contemporaries; for, to achieve this, it was considered, was to revive the splendors of ancient art for the illustration of modern morals and institutions. Alone among the artists of his time, West received from the king, and so in some sort from the community, the commission to paint a vast commemorative series, nay, two of them; their destination was Windsor Castle, and their subjects were the “History of England” and the “History of Revealed Religion.” He also provided altar-pieces for churches and colleges over all the country. For all except a few shrewd judges in his own time, he was the equal of the greatest names of old; for us, he illustrates nothing but the immeasurable difference which there is between great art and its ghost. It is even in-

credible to us that a ghost so indifferently tricked out could have imposed on any one in an age capable as this was of true art in its own way. For a knack of academical drawing up to a certain point, a facility in the academical conduct, arrangement, and draping of groups, these are all the merits that the utmost indulgence of posterity can recognize in West. Of originality he is utterly destitute; merely as illustrations of the text, there is never any life in his designs; as artistic combinations, they are purely conventional; to be subtle or felicitous was not in his nature; the character of his heads is totally poor and empty where it is not pretentious; he is but an apprentice in color. It was the thinnest mask of genius which he wore. He was in our country the counterpart, and a coarser counterpart, of the Roman painters of his time. All his gifts were those of imitation; he is an example of what imitative art is like when it succeeds, and that example is the best warning. Except as a warning, his work has no longer any place in history.—“*English Art under George III.*” (*Fortnightly Review*).

DINNER ECCENTRICITIES.

TIMOTHÉE TRIMM, in his “Promenades Philosophiques dans Paris,” has two charming after-dinner stories about dinners. The first relates to a famous French provincial solicitor who used to surprise unaccustomed guests by the curious collection of old knives which were used at his table, their poverty and the rudeness of their manufacture forming a marked contrast to the brightness of the silver and the fineness of the linen. When dinner was removed and the dessert placed on the table, the guests, their tongues loosened by wine and the genial influences of the host, generally took an opportunity of bringing round the conversation to these knives, and inquiring whether there was any history connected with them. Whereupon the host carelessly remarked that each knife had “served to accomplish its little assassination,” and, if the guest was curious, the particulars of the murder in which the particular knife wherewith he had cut his *gigot* had played its part were forthcoming. In the case of the other host, who was the governor of a convict establishment, the cutlery was guiltless of homicide, but there was a specialty about the servants. The bill of fare placed before each guest had been written by a notary condemned to penal servitude for forgery. It was a murderer who cut up the roast-beef; it was a coiner who changed the plates; it was an incendiary who put a match to the punch; and the wine was handed round by a gentleman strongly suspected of having cut his wife up in small pieces while himself in a state of drunkenness. These were cheerful fancies, but I am not sure that they were not equaled in grim *bizarrierie* by a festive gathering which actually took place in Warwickshire the other week. The occasion was an annual supper, and the guests were all grave-diggers! I wonder whether they had the bill of fare decorated with a death's head and cross-bones; whether they had their salt-cellars cunningly fashioned like coffins; and whether they drank any of those fearful toasts of which we read in descriptions of the social gatherings of the profession at the time of the Great Plague? Perhaps so; yet if I were betting on the subject I should be inclined to wager that they did none of these things, but that the supper was a plain, solid meal, eaten with honest gusto, and that, over their pipes and beer, the grave-diggers complained of the dullness of trade, and possibly discussed the desirability of a strike.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE boldness of psychological investigation which we see now on every hand would seem to threaten the existence of some of the hitherto most confidently-entertained theories of mental action and moral responsibility. If some recent utterances are true, we shall have to revise our ideas of crime, and materially change our attitude toward the criminal class.

Dr. Hammond, in an address before the New York Medico-Legal Society on "Morbid Impulse," accumulates a great deal of evidence to show that many criminal acts are products of what he calls morbid impulses, in which, while the will of the person is apparently entirely free, his perceptions sound, his sense of moral responsibility unimpaired, he is yet impelled to yield to a sudden and unaccountable prompting to evil. Dr. Hammond impressed upon his listeners the necessity of not confounding this state of impulse with other conditions of mind which resemble it, but which, nevertheless, are quite distinct. He says:

"The person who, under the influence of a delusion, commits an act of violence against another, or himself, is not the subject of morbid impulse, for he acts in accordance with his reason, perverted though it may be. A man, for instance, acquires the idea that some one of his relatives or friends is seeking an opportunity to poison him. The delusion grows with every moment of his life, and ere long dominates over his mind with terrible power. He lies in wait for his supposed enemy, and murders him. Such an act is not what is understood as being the result of morbid impulse. It is a deed growing out of intellectual processes logical in character, but based upon false premises. Or a person may imagine that invisible devils are endeavoring to destroy him, and, to escape from his tormentors, he commits suicide. In such a case he reasons from his supposed state of facts, and chooses an alternative which, under the circumstances, he believes to be preferable to continued existence. Neither are the unconscious acts of certain epileptics the result of morbid impulse, though in some respects they bear a great degree of resemblance to those which are dictated by the condition in question."

A morbid impulse, as distinct from the above, is defined as a condition in which the afflicted individual is compelled consciously to commit an act which is contrary to his natural reason, and against his moral inclination. He is perfectly aware of the incongruous act he is about to commit, but perpetrates it because he is compelled thereto by a force which he feels himself powerless to resist. Dr. Hammond cites instances of this strange and dangerous impulse in cases of women who have been suddenly prompted to burn or injure their children; of men who have been unable to resist a sudden inclination to kill merely for the pleasure of killing; of both men and women prompted to steal, when the objects stolen were useless; of per-

sons stimulated to do injury without experiencing malice or resentment, but unaccountably urged to the acts in mere perversity of spirit; of those who have been seized with a desire to commit suicide after hearing of others who have destroyed themselves; and so on through the range of criminal offenses. Dr. Hammond also gave instances of those who, after much struggle, have successfully resisted their morbid inclinations. One of these was the case of a wife of a shoemaker, who felt herself impelled to murder her four children, but who sought medical advice, and was cured of the impulse; another instance of a young man, who was tormented by a desire to destroy silk dresses by throwing vitriol upon them, but who was cured by a long sea-voyage.

There can be no doubt, we think, of the existence of this impulse; we believe it to be much more generally diffused than is supposed, if, indeed, any of us are entirely free from it. Almost every person, when on a high place, feels a strange desire to fling himself off; and this is one of the morbid impulses which Dr. Hammond describes; and, if we watch ourselves closely, we shall detect similar inclinations that are wholly perverse and morbid in character.

Whence do these impulses come? Dr. Hammond contents himself by illustrating their extent and character, omitting all question as to their genesis. At a time when we have so many scientific expositions on the force of heredity, on the tendency of characteristics to reappear in descendants, even after long apparent obliteration, we cannot doubt but this mental proclivity will be attributed by investigators to latent passions inherited from some remote progenitor. When we recollect how each individual is the focus of innumerable lines of ancestors—in ten generations numbering five hundred and twelve persons, each usually from a distinct family with its distinct characteristics, virtues, and vices—it would not be at all surprising if nearly every man inherited, with more or less force, the proclivities of an ancestral robber, or murderer, or gambler, or one who possessed an intense depravity of some kind, which has been triturated through the generations that have succeeded him. This being true, then what Dr. Hammond calls morbid impulses ought to be defined as mental reminiscences, or transmitted traits, reappearing, like all transmitted traits, now and then with virulent force. This remote genesis of the depravity may be attributed to special conditions of the time. We can readily understand how, under the feudal system, the race of robbers and fierce soldiers then evolved might and would transmit passions which all their environments did so much to create and intensify.

In what way should this doctrine modify our treatment of crime and criminals? The general prevalence of these mental impulses would seem to eliminate all moral responsi-

bility, and place crime altogether in the category of mental diseases. Whether these impulses act ordinarily in the commission of penal offenses cannot be definitely said, but no doubt they are a stimulating cause—they unite with avarice, they strengthen malice and resentment, they become powerful in some by the lack of those social restraints and influences that with many of us fortify good resolutions, and make a life of virtue easy. They, at least, enter measurably enough into the commission of crime to warrant the question as to the extent they should qualify our penal methods.

It is somewhat surprising to find Dr. Hammond holding these victims of morbid organizations to moral account. He states the case of a patient of his as follows:

"A few weeks ago a young man consulted me for symptoms indicating cerebral congestion. He had pain in his head, dizziness, and was unable to sleep. He informed me that he had been for several months constantly troubled by a force which was inexplicable to him to kill a friend who was employed in the same office with him. Upon one occasion he had gone so far as to secretly put strychnia into a mug of ale which he had invited the young man to drink, but just as the intended victim was raising the vessel to his lips he had, as if by accident, knocked it out of his hand. Every morning he awoke with the impulse so strong upon him that he felt certain he would carry it out before the day closed, but he had always been able to overcome it. This young man reasoned perfectly well in regard to his impulse, and very candidly admitted, and I entirely agreed with him, that, if he had yielded and committed the murder, he ought to have been punished to the full extent of the law."

This conception of penal law, that would hold a man, confessedly under a diseased impulse, to the same responsibility that it would one committing a crime from other causes, seems to us extraordinary. It is true that Dr. Hammond elsewhere modifies this opinion so far as to hold the victim responsible because, being fully aware of this impulse, he had not voluntarily placed himself under restraint. But assuredly all our ideas of moral responsibility are thrown into confusion if a man who kills under a diseased impulse is to be held as guilty as one who kills with malice. Under that interpretation of law which declares that we inflict penalties not in the interest of the criminal, but solely for the protection of society, this opinion of Dr. Hammond's might, but for one objection, be tenable; but it is most conclusively rendered untenable by the fact that public penalties are prone to intensify, rather than weaken, all unhealthy impulses. Dr. Hammond cites instances of men prompted to commit suicide by the example of other suicides, of violence by the example of violence. An execution is peculiarly liable to act upon the morbid imagination of these unfortunate; and hence, so far from the "extreme penalty of the law" being justified by public necessity as a warning,

public security is greatly endangered by its influence as an example.

It seems to us entirely obvious that if men are afflicted by impulses that are so far abnormal as to indicate unsound minds—unsound in this particular, at least—then the law, while it should pursue the course toward them that would best promote the general public welfare, should modify that course by every consideration admissible under the circumstances. We have already quoted from Dr. Hammond an instance in which morbid inclinations were cured by a sea-voyage. Everybody must see that this person's fate would have been very different had there been, instead of the timely interposition of friends, the rigid penalty of the law—an abnormal perversity would, in that case, only too probably have developed into a confirmed depravity.

It is not a new theory that all crime is disease. But these recent analyses of the psychological conditions of the criminal nature go far to establish it. If it is true, then our penal codes need great revision. The public cannot afford to have the restraints upon crime in any way weakened; nor can it justly pursue offenders with ruthless and irrational vindictiveness. We need, in view of our increased light, such modification of our laws that, while always considering public security as foremost, will seek the cure rather than the punishment of offenders.

— It is not often that a stern Roman virtue is attributed to European statesmen; and, although public men, the world over, are seldom as black as they are painted, a Cato-like rigor and simplicity among them is somewhat rare. The honorable poverty of such men as Gambetta and Louis Blanc—the former of whom lived, when at the summit of dictatorial power, much as he had done a few years previously, when a student in the Latin Quarter, and the latter of whom long resided in an obscure London neighborhood, supporting himself by his elegant and facile pen—finds few counterparts among the luxurious statesmen of France; and most of the sage professors and old-family "vons" who constitute the legislative celebrities of Germany would revolt against imitating the domestic simplicity of Prince von Bismarck.

This imperious, iron-souled "able-man," as Carlyle would call him, affects an almost rude plainness of living. His residence, far from being one of the many spacious palaces which adorn Berlin, is, says a German writer who recently visited him, "one of the plainest in Wilhelm-Strasse; and the man who answers the door wears no livery, or any sign of his master's rank." The interior is equally suggestive in its sturdy contempt of luxury. In the prince's study are an iron couch and an iron safe; the furniture is meagre, massive, and without ornament. "Such a personage would be artistically incomplete if his writing-materials were of the puny kind

that suits ordinary mortals, and Prince Bismarck's lead-pencils are, like himself, gigantic." A huge, great St. Bernard dog is the favorite companion of his solitude and study.

But the prince does not, certainly, go so far as one of the deputies in the Reichstag, whom he often finds troublesome in his opposition. Dr. Lasker is a very able and even brilliant man; next to Bismarck, he is perhaps the most influential personage in the Chamber. This position he seems to have obtained less on account of his undoubted eloquence and statesman-like fertility of resource than because of an independence of character and "phenomenal purity" of life for which we must seek the prototypes in Aristides and Cato.

He is a Jew and a lawyer, the most sought-for advocate at the Prussian bar; yet there is not a poorer man in the Reichstag. His income, derived by inheritance, is about a thousand dollars a year; upon this he lives by rigid economy, just keeping clear of debt from year to year. His equity practice at the bar is unrivaled; but he never, on any consideration whatever, accepts payment for his legal services. He practises law, that is, in order that the right may be accomplished; he only undertakes cases when he is convinced that they are just, and that he is preventing a wrong or redressing a real grievance. Such a man is able to be the great "investigator" of official frauds with some effect, and the service which he has done in this direction has been invaluable.

There is probably but one public man in Europe whose Cato-like self-denial outstrips that of Herr Lasker, and that is the Hungarian Francis Deak. For more than forty years Deak has been a nationalist leader, and the sturdiness with which he rejected every temptation to desert the cause of Hungary gave the key-note to his character. It was owing more to him than to any other man that the Austrian Empire was forced to concede Hungarian autonomy. The austerity of Deak's life is almost painful. His fear of parting with his perfect independence is actually morbid. Reconciled as he is at last to the Hapsburgs, he will owe nothing to them, not even the *bagatelle* of a slight gift. Living in a single room, on the second floor of a modest house, in Pesth, with an income of a thousand dollars a year, he, too, practises law, and, like Lasker, never takes a fee. More than that, he has always had an unconquerable antipathy to receiving presents, even from his most cherished friends.

Soon after the noble ceremony of the coronation of Francis Joseph as King of Hungary, at Pesth—the act which consecrated the reconciliation of the emperor with his most considerable and hitherto most discontented state—an incident occurred which illustrates Deak's most salient trait. Francis Joseph had brought a fine portrait of himself to Pesth; and, arriving there, he

went to visit the old patriot, mounting the stairs to his dingy room, and offered him the portrait, on which was inscribed, "From Francis Joseph to Francis Deak." Other favors he sought to shower upon him—the Cross of St. Stephen, the rank and title of count, and an ample pension for his declining years.

It hurt the kind heart of the Liberator of Hungary, as Deak may justly be called, to repel these royal advances, which could scarcely have been made to lure him from duty; and, said the old patriot, "he was good enough to pardon my pig-headedness." Afterward the empress worked him, it is said, a pair of slippers with her own hands, and only induced him to accept them by a personal appeal to his gallantry. But he who had refused a pension and a countship could scarcely be suspected of being bribed by a pair of slippers, even though they were of imperial workmanship.

It is refreshing to see such examples of sturdy self-denial for the sake of principle, in a money-loving age; but the very excess of the virtue in these cases rather detracts from the force of their example. There is as much courage, often, in accepting as in declining a gift, and as much nobility in incurring as in conferring an obligation. Self-denial can be exercised as much by sacrificing the pride of a too haughty independence as by rejecting what men in general value for comfort and honor; nor can it be conceived that lives so conspicuously pure as those of Lasker and Deak would exert a less wide and salutary influence if they took the fees to which their legal labors fairly entitle them.

— A correspondent sends us the following:

"The accomplished writer of the paper on 'The Disposal of the Dead in Ancient and Modern Times' (*APPLETON'S JOURNAL* of May 16th) accords due force to the claims of *cremation* from a scientific and sanitary point of view, and candidly admits that among Christian peoples no valid objection can be urged against the proposed system on religious grounds. Indeed, the religion of the Christian does not concern itself with any special method of disposing of the dead, seeing that their elements cannot be destroyed, nor their resurrection in any way hindered by any device of man. The fancied religious scruples of some persons are merely superstitions associated with the religious rites performed at funerals.

"Your learned contributor does, however, object to cremation on sentimental grounds. Now, if it can be shown that there is nothing in the process of cremation opposed to the sentiments upon which he founds this objection, the latter loses all its force.

"We do, however, object to it," says he, 'simply because it is against our feelings to treat the dead otherwise than with the same tenderness and care which they would receive from us if they were living and asleep, or helpless.'

"There is, I think, a fallacy here, though by no means in the sentiment itself. It would

be fruitless to undertake to remove this feeling toward the dead, which is not only wellnigh universal as regards both civilized and uncivilized peoples, but is in itself morally wholesome, and therefore commendable. Nor is there any necessity for its removal. The fallacy to which I would call attention consists in the assumption that the process of cremation is opposed to this sentimental regard for the dead. Let us compare cremation with the modes of interment at present in vogue among us.

"The time comes sooner or later, after life has departed from the body of a loved one, when we must take final leave of it. Whether for interment (in a yawning pit dug in the earth, or in a vault), or for cremation, there is a receptacle into which the body is placed, and which hides it henceforth from our view. In either case, after the final farewell is taken, certain chemical changes ensue, which are carried on, in darkness and silence, out of our sight. If we follow, in imagination, the body through these changes, there is certainly at least as much that is revolting to our feelings in the established method as in that which has been proposed as a substitute. In the one case, the body becomes the prey of a ghastly and horrible corruption, and of the devouring worms; in the other, it becomes the food of purifying flames, which, before decay has made it loathsome, converts the body into its primitive elements. The difference is chiefly one of time. Is not the rapid combustion less harrowing to the imagination than the slow? Examined closely, is not the idea of covering up a loved one in the earth, consigning him to the 'cold grave,' and to the worm, or inclosing him in the sombre and stony walls of the sepulchral vault, more revolting than any process of speedy resolution by flames?

"We are bound to assume that the process of cremation must be attended in its details with all the precautions of modern refinement, with tender and loving care, with decency and reverential solemnity, and that the last offices of affection, and the rites of religion, will be performed and ended before the actual cremation takes place. After all rites are duly and solemnly performed, we abandon the body to the agencies which are to resolve it. In the one case, we consign it to corruption and the worm; in the other, to the decent care of human agents, who control the chemical processes.

"Thus it is clear that the (to us) new system is, in all its details, at least as tender, and loving, and refined, as the old.

"Why, then, should not 'cremation commend itself to our hearts?' 'Some future day,' says your contributor, 'when all our religious, superstitious, or traditional ideas are changed, and our hearts are completely set on living solely by the laws of science, then we shall probably offer a premium for the discovery of an instantaneous destruction of the lifeless bodies of those we love.'

"This, I submit, is not a quite correct statement of the case. By his own showing, there can be no 'religious' objection. It is equally apparent, I think, that the process commends itself to our sentiments of love and tenderness toward the dead; therefore there is no necessity that we should set our hearts on 'living solely by the laws of science.'

It is quite true that it is not necessary to become scientific in thought and feeling in order to adopt cremation; and it is equally true that cremation might be practised under conditions and with ceremonies quite as satisfactory to the affection of the survivors as funerals are now, if people only would bring their minds to think so. Traditional ideas

are very tenacious; and sentiment, so often sneered at, is one of the most powerful of social forces. To this sentiment the decay of the body, by processes of Nature, seems one thing, and its forceful destruction by our own interposition, another. Had cremation been proposed before the laying out of our rural cemeteries, there would have been some purpose in it; now, in this country, at least, it will serve no end whatever—either of utility, science, sentiment, or convenience.

— Mr. Barnum has recently opened a hippodrome. It is said to be the largest establishment of the kind in the world. In addition to the usual circus performances, there are chariot-races, steeple-chases, and races of other varieties, all of which are said to be genuine contests. Proof of this is given in the fact that, in the eagerness of the struggle, the racers are often thrown and hurt. But there is better proof in the circumstance that young men resort to the place as to a horse-race, get intensely excited in watching the sport, and are as free in offering and taking bets as at Jerome Park or the Fashion Course. And, for all this, Mr. Barnum, according to one of our religious papers, "is entitled to the thanks of every Christian;" while another rejoices in the existence of "an amusement that is free from the vices that pertain to the theatre!"

Literary.

"JOHN OF BARNEVELD"—Mr. Motley's latest work in that chosen department of history which he has made as attractive as it is inexhaustible—is certainly not the least interesting of his Netherland records, whatever may be its merits on the score of accuracy and impartiality. If we have neither the space nor the means of investigation to criticise these latter requisites of its historical value—which, it is fair to say, have been questioned only as the qualifications of such a work are always questioned—we may at least indicate some of the striking points of interest in a book which every scholar will read, and which will pass at once into its place as an authority.

Certainly the historian could have chosen no fresher ground than this to work upon. We are not under-estimating the historical knowledge of that impartial critic whom the reviewer always addresses—"the average reader"—when we say that to the great majority of those who are not special students the name of John of Barneveld is most unfamiliar; it would not be dangerous to say that there are many to whom his life's history is absolutely unknown. Even Mr. Motley, studying among countless records of him, realizes this, and, while he defines his hero's position as it deserves, tells the general readers of history why they were not so blameworthy, after all, in regarding him so little.

"There is no doubt whatever," he says, "that John of Barneveld, advocate and seal-keeper of the little province of Holland during forty years of as troubled and fertile an epoch as any in human history, was second to none of his contemporary statesmen. Yet the singular position of the republic, whose destinies he guided, and the peculiar and abnormal office which he held, combined to cast a veil over his individuality. . . . It was not John of Barne-

veld that spoke to the world. Those 'high and puissant lords my masters the States-General,' personified the young but already majestic republic. Dignified, draped, and concealed by that overshadowing title, the informing and master-spirit performed its never-ending task."

This is no doubt a part of the reason why, to students of Holland's history, this statesman has assumed at best but a misty and indistinct shape as a leader; but Mr. Motley forgets that until he, the historian, came to our aid and sifted the mass of records for us, nearly all the story that is now so clear and easily followed was itself confused and obscure. It was impossible to judge of the position of men until the circumstances under which they acted were clearly set before us; and we have too recently had the record of the Dutch Republic presented in intelligent shape, to need to seek far for reasons why John of Barneveld is not a familiar hero.

"There can be no doubt," writes Mr. Motley again at the beginning of the biography, "that, if William the Silent was the founder of the independence of the United Provinces, Barneveld was the founder of the commonwealth itself." We quote the passage because it shows in a sentence the difference between the history we have had from the author's pen in previous volumes, and that which we have in this. The greater part of the long struggle has been previously depicted; we come now to the brief period when statesmanship comes into the foreground, and a little respite is granted from the absolute reign of armed force alone. It is a period, too, when all is collecting itself for another and an even more terrible and extended struggle.

In his masterly fashion, Mr. Motley sums up, at the beginning of this new work, the signs of the times at the epoch to which his former histories have brought us—the period of the conclusion of the Twelve Years' Truce with Spain in 1609; and when John of Barneveld had been for twenty-three years Advocate of Holland. The volume before us is chiefly concerned with the last ten years of the statesman's life.

The seven provinces of the Netherlands were now bound into one commonwealth, with the province of Holland at its head; loosely bound, as Mr. Motley says, "like a raft loosely strung together. . . . It needed an unsleeping eye and a powerful brain to conduct her over the quicksands and through the whirlpools of an unmapped and intricate course."

As Advocate of Holland, then, Barneveld was the actual leader of the country. He was "virtually prime-minister, president, attorney-general, finance minister, and minister of foreign affairs of the whole republic. . . . He took the lead in the deliberations both of the States of Holland and of the States-General, moved resolutions, advocated great measures of state, gave heed to their execution, collected the votes, summed up the proceedings, corresponded with and instructed ambassadors, received and negotiated with foreign ministers, besides directing and holding in his hands the various threads of the home policy and the rapidly-growing colonial system of the republic."

With this state of affairs, and with the subject of the historical biography in this position, the main portion of the work opens. There is, indeed, at the beginning, an admirable sketch of Barneveld's earlier career; but that is a part of the history with which Mr. Motley has dealt in previous volumes, and this is devoted almost entirely to a thoroughly new period.

It is a story which, even without the aid of Mr. Motley's pen, would equal in intense interest, variety of incident, plot and counter-plot, and what is called "romance," any passage of that richest period of European history when great things and small were so inextricably mingled; personal feud and national quarrel; the highest statesmanship and the deepest intrigue; the greatest causes and the pettiest aims; when the man who was in advance of his time had perhaps more to cope with than at any other stage of European history; when what little of liberty existed was in perpetual danger from the gigantic struggles of dying absolutism to maintain itself; and if it escaped this, was always tending toward self-destruction through religious and partisan conflicts.

All of this John of Barneveld saw; a part of it he was; in much of the noblest of it he occupied the place of a leader, as Mr. Motley justly describes him. And while we will not attempt to follow him here through all the course of a crowded history, we assure the reader that the task would be one in which we should not tire, if it could have a tithe of the effect of the book itself.

If it be true that Mr. Motley's work is too attractive and intense in its interest and powerful word-painting to be sound history—a theory in which we do not in the least believe—"John of Barneveld" must at least add another to his laurels as a master of English narrative style and a consummate artist.

And we cannot lay down the book without calling attention to an implied promise in it, which gives to readers all over the world the near prospect of a great enjoyment. "These volumes," says Mr. Motley, "... form also the natural sequel to the other histories already published by the author, as well as the necessary introduction to that concluding portion of his labors which he has always desired to lay before the public—a 'History of the Thirty Years' War.'"

We count ourselves among the host who look with every anticipation for this crowning work. May it come speedily!

The reign of George III. has always been a most attractive period for biographers, and the results of their investigations therein, while giving us volumes upon volumes of material from which to form our judgments of the leaders of those heroic days, have seldom enough shown impartial research, or freedom from the prejudices of tradition. The statesmen of that time are accepted by most of us in their traditional dress; we know the Pitt of tradition, the Burke of tradition; few of us have the independence to take the real material we have at command for judging impartially, and to draw for ourselves the pictures which ought to be clearly defined in that much-abused medium of vision—"the light of history."

Three of the men whom we have taken far too much at the valuation of their contemporaries, and on whom we have spent too little independent thought as to their place among statesmen, have just been sketched for us by a new and careful hand. Mr. W. F. Rae, as a study of "The Opposition under George III.," has written a very fresh and, in many respects, original and valuable book of three biographies—"Wilkes, Sheridan, Fox" (Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.).

Mr. Rae's view of Wilkes is a perfect instance of the independent judgment of which we have spoken. Differing widely from both parties among Wilkes's contemporaries and historical critics, and pointing out rather the result than the motive of his acts, he draws a

picture which shows that Wilkes had some foundation for the hope "that the faithful historian's page and posterity would do him justice." The point of view which Mr. Rae adopts is in some degree illustrated by a passage in the speech of Lord Chatham, in the contested election case of 1770: "The character and circumstances of Mr. Wilkes have been very improperly introduced into this question, not only here, but in that court of judicature where his cause was tried—I mean the House of Commons. With one party he was a patriot of the first magnitude; with the other the vilest incendiary. For my own part, I consider him merely and indifferently as an English subject, possessed of certain rights which the laws have given him, and which the laws alone can take from him. I am neither moved by his private vices nor by his public merits. In his person, though he were the worst of men, I contend for the safety and security of the best; and God forbid, my lords, that there should be a power in this country of measuring the civil rights of the subject by his moral character, or by any other rule but the fixed law of the land."

Much as Lord Chatham thought as a contemporary, thinks Mr. Rae as an historian. Avoiding the judgment of Earl Russell, that "no man can now consider Wilkes as any thing but a profligate spendthrift, without opinions or principles, religious or political;" and equally avoiding the opinion of the men who made a kind of demi-god of their leader, the present biographer only mentions extravagant views to show "how easy it is to create an imaginary Wilkes," and then presents to us a character neither more nor less than the humanity of his day—deserving for the result of his acts, and worthy of the justice, at least, that he claimed from discriminating posterity.

The sketch of Wilkes is decidedly the best of the three biographies, and has most of the author's heart in it. The paper on Richard Brinsley Sheridan follows it, and, while it is excellently done, is much more conventional than the opening essay of the book. It deals largely, as it need it must perforce, with Sheridan's literary career, and allows this to overshadow his political life. An admirable passage sketches the first performances and the character of "The Rivals" and the "School for Scandal," and gives a few pithy observations on the older drama, which are of no little value as bits of literary criticism.

The biography of Charles James Fox is better—that is, fresher—than that of Sheridan, but inferior in both freshness of material and independence of judgment to that of Wilkes. Fox, indeed, is a character so firmly fixed in men's minds as tradition has painted him, that perhaps we are as incapable of judging his motives and his life by a perfectly fair standard as were his partisan contemporaries.

Mr. Rae has done his work well, and has given new attraction to old subjects—subjects which will, however, retain a special interest for the biographical student to the end of history.

It is pleasant, in the midst of the great multitude of hopeless verses that pass by us in delusive dresses of print and gilding, to come now and then upon some which, if not pretentious, are at least tender, graceful, and true. If they do not come from the heart of a great poet, they at least bring with them the pleasant freshness of healthful human feeling and pure thought. Such welcome and entirely unpretentious poems come to us in Mrs. S. M. B. Platt's little volume, "A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles" (Osgood). An incalculable

improvement on all that she has written before, this little collection of verses is delicate and graceful in diction in almost every line; and it is full of simple touches of beauty that cause many of its stanzas to take more than a momentary hold on the memory. We could wish that certain of the less serious poems might have been omitted, and the more true and tender verses left without this alloy; but, on the whole, there is little to mar and much to praise.

Mr. Swinburne's tragedy of "Bothwell," which has just appeared in London, is, according to the *Athenæum*, "not only huge, it is unwieldy and overgrown. There is nothing imposing in its dimensions. It is an unfortunate condition of art that the value of the materials employed will not compensate for the want of grace in the edifice. Ignorant, apparently, or oblivious, of the laws of construction and proportion, Mr. Swinburne has heaped together the valuable stores he has accumulated, and has given us a mound when we looked for a temple. We wander hopelessly round the gigantic pile without any means of access to the most precious of its contents, except the wearisome and ignominious plan of turning over and sifting till we meet with what we require. How lamentable a mistake has been committed, will be known to the few who read the book through, and see what fine, what magnificent things are there to reward exertion. This formidable achievement will be reserved for those whose love for poetry is strong enough to render them insensible to the difficulties of a journey recalling that in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' A superb landscape awaits the reader when he reaches the pleasant land of Beulah. Splendid pictures, subtle analyses of passion, and wonderful studies of character, will repay him who attains the end. As art, however, the whole is incomprehensible. As a picture, this work of a man of genius is without central interest; as a play, it is without climax."

M. Paul Lacroix, Superintendent of the Library of the French Arsenal, has recently received, as a gift, from the Marchioness de Varennes, the celebrated collection of valuable autographic manuscripts, written by the Abbé Brizard about the end of the eighteenth century. This precious collection of inedited documents will form no less than sixty volumes in 4to, and will no doubt throw much additional light upon the political events of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Among those documents, the most striking are: "The Historical Elegy of Abbé Mabry, 1787;" "The Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, 1790;" "The Love of Henri IV. for French Literature, 1785;" a large historical work upon the reign of Louis XI.; a literary history of the reign of Henri IV.; a curious work of rare interest upon the Calendars; an incomplete history of Henri IV.; copies of original letters written by Henri IV.; and an immense variety of minor works, such as genealogical researches, political treatises, notes, historical extracts, commentaries," etc. The Abbé Brizard, having been one of the most learned and distinguished men of his century, the publication of his manuscripts is looked forward to with much interest.

Among recent French publications is "Erasmus; a Study of his Life and Works," by M. Gaston Fugère, a work designed to "form the complement of the studies already made of this great figure of the sixteenth century, so celebrated in his generation, and yet so differently appreciated by his contemporaries. Gai Patin, in a few rapid and picturesque sketches, gives a fair idea of his power and influence during the religious upheavals of the Renaissance. M. de Burigny, in the eighteenth century, wrote a detailed biography of Erasmus, but failed to do any thing like justice to his subject. M. Fugère, in turn, draws from the correspondence of Erasmus a picture true to life, arranges the critical classification of his works, and evolves the principles which guided him, while playing a prominent part during one of the greatest transformations of society in modern times."

Alphonse Daudet has recently published in Paris a very interesting work upon "The Wives of Ar-

tists," showing the share they have in their husbands' sympathies, trials, and triumphs. "Few writers of the rising generation are capable of describing the real episodes of life and the genuine flow of human emotions with more grace and simplicity than M. Daudet. In his present work, he has gone out of his ordinary track, and, under cover of his title, gives, in twelve short stories, a series of domestic sketches, in which the elements of every-day life, frequently dull and commonplace, under the magic of his pen, become of engrossing interest. These twelve stories are so cleverly arranged, and so delicately treated in the most comical situations, that they may be regarded as masterpieces of analysis, observation, and irony."

A Frenchman, Charles de Flandre, has published a "History of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots," who declares that for more than ten years he has sought for and read every page on the subject which chance put in his way, and that he had ransacked the libraries of Paris, London, and Edinburgh. His conclusions are in favor of the innocence of Mary. He says that, "though for twenty years M. Miguet in France, Mr. Froide in England, and Professor von Raumer in Germany, have swayed the minds of the people, and the few voices raised in Mary's defense have been drowned and lost amid the outcries of her slanderers, of Mary Stuart I assert the innocence which is still a problem to many, notwithstanding the works of early writers and the learned pages of Chalmers, Miss Strickland, Wiesener, Labanoff, and Hosack."

Murray will publish "The Last Journals of Dr. Livingstone," including his researches and wandering in Eastern Africa, from 1885 to within a few days of his death. . . . An autobiography of the late Mr. Macready will appear, edited by Sir Frederick Pollock. . . . *Novadays* is the title of a new English magazine to be started in July. . . . George Sand is preparing a memoir of the unfortunate Louis XVII. . . . Renan is lecturing at the College of France on the Book of Job. . . . The English journals report that Mark Twain is engaged in writing an account of English manners and customs. . . . Two translations of "Childe Harold" have appeared at Florence within the last few months.

A volume of tales, illustrating French provincial life, has recently been published at Coburg, the special object of which is to show how false is the assertion, "Qui dit Paris, dit toute la France." On the contrary, the stories here collected show how totally different are the manners, customs, words, phrases, and proverbs of the Picards, Normans, and Bretons from those of the Parisians; also those of Franche-Comté, Auvergne, the Pyrenees, Languedoc, Provence, and Dauphiné; each differing from the other, and all from those of the capital.

Fine Arts.

The Salon of 1874.

PARIS, May 25, 1874.

THE leading topic of the day in Paris is, at present, in all art and fashionable circles, the *Salon*, though why that very superb and extensive annual exhibition of paintings should be called by that highly-inappropriate name, is what, as Dundreary hath it, "no fellow can find out." For it is not a *salon*, nor even a series of *salons*, wherein the exhibition is held. The spacious galleries of the Palais de l'Industrie, though divided into rooms, could scarcely be recognized by such a title; however, there the name is, and, as we have not to do with it, nor with its origin, but with the pictures themselves, we will cease our cogitations anent that matter, and turn our attention to the actual subject of my paper. Still, I must confess that the name of the exhibition always arouses in me feelings akin to those of Miss Betsey Trotwood about the title of David Copperfield's

birthplace. "Though why Rookery?" quoth Miss Betsey. "I don't know." And neither do I.

The two large, square rooms at either end of the galleries of the Palais de l'Industrie used to be considered the halls of honor, but the arrangement, adopted this year, of classifying the artists in alphabetical order, has prevented much heart-burning, while the vast space secured by the removal of all public offices from the Palais has enabled the hanging committee to give every picture a good place, as there is no crowding to force meritorious works to ascend to a point near the ceiling. There are nearly two thousand paintings exhibited, over three thousand having been rejected, and, of course, in so large a number there are some very poor productions, though the reception committee has generally done its work well, and has suffered very few really bad pictures to pass the ordeal. To be sure, there is one fearful daub to be found in one of the side-rooms. It is called "The Railroad," and represents a young girl and a child, both cut out of sheet-tin apparently, and in the act of peering through an iron railing at a passing train. The whole composition is flat as a board, and the coloring is as crude and *criarde* as possible, but the painter, one Edouard Manet, is really an artist of some standing here, and was formerly a favorite pupil of Couture, but unfortunately he evolved certain theories of painting out of the depths of his moral consciousness, and that with most disastrous consequences to his future success. He was led away by the example of Courbet, the Communist artist, who superintended the overthrow of the Column Vendôme, and whose property was confiscated, and his works denied admission to all future *salons* in consequence. Courbet was an intense realist, and, scorning the ideal studies of the nude, the nymphs and goddesses and sleepers and bathers wherewith every annual exhibition teems, he undertook to paint a group of real, actual bathers from every-day life, a party of washer-women from Asnières, coarse, greasy creatures, with the marks of garter and corset and petticoat-strap visible on their naked bodies. The picture was a revolting one, but it was painted with so much truth and vigor that it drew crowds to look at it, who were disgusted, and yet came to gaze, and so it became one of the successful sensations of the day. It is in this track that Manet has essayed to follow, but without the power and without the genius, whereupon disastrous failure has been the result. Two of his pictures, "Breakfast" and "The Boulevard des Capucines," formed part of that highly-comical exhibition, gotten up by the Anonymous Society of Painters and Sculptors, and were two of the most absurd daubs in that laughable collection of absurdities. I should not venture to write so freely about this artist were I writing in his native tongue, for he is very pugnacious in defense of his own works, and once challenged Edmond About on account of some rather sharp criticisms on his pictures from that distinguished writer's pen.

The subjects this year display the usual variety of naked nymphs and gayly-dressed damsels, of battle-pieces and flower-pieces, of allegorical pictures and devotional subjects, and portraits and landscapes, that one sees every year. Of the allegorical pictures, there are many treating of Alsace and Lorraine, and of that heroic and mystical France who is always going to do such great deeds, and who has not yet succeeded in getting her own household affairs into order. There is a large picture by Muraton, of "Time raising France

from the Earth"—the beautiful female figure in mourning draperies, half enveloped in the folds of a tricolored banner, and old Time, with his hour-glass and scythe, aiding the desolate lady to arise, form a very striking group. Ranvier's large picture of "Prometheus Delivered" shows Prometheus prostrate on the earth and insensible, while a huge black-winged vulture is plunging its beak into his bleeding breast, and, afar off, Hercules stands with bent bow about to discharge the rescuing arrow. In the foreground, two young and lovely girls, one with the long, fair tresses and peasant-costume of Alsace, stand locked in each other's arms, contemplating the sufferer with sympathizing pity not unmingled with terror. The allegorical nature of this picture was not fully understood till the newspapers undertook to make it apparent. Prometheus is France, the black-winged vulture is the Prussian eagle, Hercules represents the French soldier of the future (Heaven knows the French soldier of the present looks little enough like him!), and the weeping sisters are Alsace and Lorraine. Thus explained, the picture has attracted a great deal of attention, and is daily surrounded by a group of admirers.

One would have thought that the last battle of the past ten years which a French pencil would seek to immortalize would be the disastrous day of Reichshofen, known to us by the title of the Battle of Wörth, yet, such is the subject chosen by Detaille, in his picture of "The Charge of the Ninth Regiment of Cuirassiers in the Village of Marsbronn—an Episode of the Battle of Reichshofen." Very well, too, is it done, the hurly-burly of horses and men plunging down the narrow street of the village, the puffs of white smoke pouring from the windows, the dying horse in the foreground, so pitiful in his mute agony—all are admirably depicted. Duraux paints a "Charge of Cavalry at the Battle of Gravelotte"—a charge which, according to the catalogue, "annihilated the cuirassiers and the uhlands of the Prussian brigade of Breton." Dupray gives us "The Visit of General Ducrot and Admiral Launoière to the Avant-Postes, December, 1870." Cold, gray, and dreary is the winter sky above, white and heavy is the snow-covered earth below, and a poor, dead horse lies a pitiable skeleton in the foreground. The uniforms of the officers alone light with any touch of color this gloomy picture. Another, almost similar to the above in coloring and treatment, is Bayard's picture, entitled "During the Siege of Paris." A gray day, a slushy thaw, a string of their miserable-looking horses being led past, apparently to the slaughter-house, and, in the distance, an ambulance with its white flag bearing the Geneva cross—such are the details of this companion painting. More touching in theme and more simple in treatment is Beauce's picture of "The Last Visit." A French officer, cap in hand, stands gazing sadly upon the rude grave of a dead comrade, thus taking a last and mute farewell, while, in the background, the preparations for striking the tents are being completed. What a change are these pictures from the long series of triumphs recorded on the walls of Versailles by the pencil of Horace Vernet!

There is no lack of the horrible, that element being seldom absent from any French exhibition of pictures, particularly since the sudden celebrity of Henri Regnault, and the consequent success of his "Salome," and his "Moorish Execution without Judgment," brought decapitation and dismembered heads into general favor. Clairin's large painting of the

"Massacre of the Abencerrages" is a direct plagiarism from the last-named picture; the Moorish architecture in the background being essentially the same, while the one headless trunk, and severed head, and stream of blood, of Regnault's work are replaced by ghastly piles of the livid heads of the dead Abencerrages. Beaulieu has contributed two painted nightmares in the shape of two of his three accepted paintings. The first represents "A Punishment of Ancient Stamboul"—an adulterous woman exposed on the pillory before being sold into slavery, or thrown into the Bosphorus. She is tied to the pillory with ropes, but hangs mainly suspended by one arm, which has turned blue from the pressure of the cord, besides which the cord has cut into her wrist, and a thin streak of blood goes trickling down the limb. Her face, fortunately, is in shadow, but enough is revealed to make the spectator turn sick as he gazes. His other picture represents a "Well in a Pillaged House—Campaign of the Loire." A little child has been lowered down into the well, and stands there, clutching a broken doll to her breast, nearly naked, and mad with terror, her great, wild eyes glaring at one from under the dishevelled masses of her hair, while in the background the naked foot of a corpse shows dimly through the gloom. I wonder what purchaser would be bold enough to become the possessor of such ghastly horrors?

Turn we now to something more attractive—to some of the gayer and brighter pictures, which, Heaven be praised, enliven the walls of the exhibition! Here is a lively little painting by Chalaud, representing "The Rue de la Girafe at Algiers." The street in question is a long, steep flight of stone steps, half-way down which an Arab boy has slipped and tumbled, while the load of oranges he had been carrying goes bounding and rolling in all directions to the amusement of a girl who is passing by. The dazzling atmosphere and brilliant blue sky of Algiers illuminate this little scene which is admirably represented. Another charming little picture is "Un Parti Avantageux," by Albov Rebout. It is a family scene of the days of Henri III. A grave and noble-looking gentleman is pointing out to his daughter, a lovely little blonde in a ravishing toilet of blue-and-white satin, the merits of a pretender to her hand, who stands before her, very brave in his suit of pink satin and his pearl ear-rings, but rather too fat, and red-haired, and self-conceited, to please mademoiselle, who is eying him rather askance, notwithstanding the fact that her lady-mother is joining her exhortations to those of the father. Her little dog evidently shares in his mistress's feelings, and is barking at the new-comer with all his might. Berne Bellecour's "Pretender" has already been photographed; but it might better have been called, I think, "A Modern Hercules at the Feet of Omphale." A young soldier, with powdered hair and orthodox pigtail, sits on a garden-chair in a summer-garden, holding a skein of silk for his demure-looking *fiancée* to wind, while the lady's father, very elegant to behold in a suit of pearl-gray satin, sits pretending to read, but in reality glancing at the group, while the mother beside him is more open in her observation of the pair. Lambert's two pictures of cat-life are perfectly charming, and I longed to become the possessor of the one entitled "Installation Provinoire," which represents a family of naughty kittens at high-jinks in a half-opened bureau-drawer filled with ribbons and laces, while one little rascal is trying to drag down a black-lace shawl, the end of which hangs over

the top of the bureau; and the mamma-cat sits and looks on in supreme and placid content. A wicked little puppy, meanwhile, is achieving the demolition of a beautiful fan which has fallen on the floor. One round-eyed white kitten with a very pink nose is peering out of the drawer, and is evidently in the height of its glee, contemplating a scurry round the room and back again, after the manner of very playful young kittens. Another lovely little picture, with puss for a heroine, is Caraud's "Conversation," where a smart little *soubrette*, in the act of washing out some fine ruffles and collars in a basin, is talking to a superb Angora cat, who, with tail erect and head turned sideways, is mewing a response to her questions. This picture is one of those photographed by Goupil for their series of the Salon of 1874. [We are compelled to defer the rest of our correspondent's paper until next week.]

One who signs himself "Amateur" writes to one of our daily journals, commenting upon the great French artist, Zamacois, whom he thinks to have been the foremost of modern painters. "Compare," he says, "one of Zamacois's with one of Meissonnier's works. Can any one turn with aught but relief from the hard, mechanical finish, the meaningless postures, the shining, bony faces, the cold, fixed expression observable in the latter, to the marvelous variety, the individuality, the point in every work of Zamacois? Meissonnier always reminds me of those patient, laborious individuals who devote long, weary hours to the object of getting the whole of the Lord's prayer on a card the size of a three-cent piece. When it is done, we all wonder at the mechanical skill, think how the man must have strained his eyes, and that's all. What man can ask for greater finish than Zamacois gave? It was neither too much nor too little. It was enough. As for satire, he was the Thackeray of painters." With this we cordially agree, but with what follows issue may be taken: "Why," he says, "do not our young American artists, once in a while, at least, give up trying to walk in Church's and Bierstadt's footsteps, painting eternally their mild, stupid landscapes, and find out that men like Zamacois are the really great ones—bold, independent, original?" Those who really follow Church and Bierstadt would scarcely be likely to paint *mild* landscapes, whatever amount of stupidity their efforts might exhibit. Painters like Zamacois commonly take very strong hold upon the imagination of people because of the dramatic interest in their productions, and not because of any really greater power than exhibited by others. Our artists very wisely adhere to those lines of effort that accord with their genius, rather than follow other lights, however brilliant; and the dramatic is not within the range of their tastes. As we have more than once pointed out, this deficiency is apparent in all our arts—in dramatic writing we are entirely unsuccessful, in the novel we are not great, in historic or dramatic painting we show no talent. We hope none of our artists will follow Zamacois, or any other artist; but we certainly should be glad to see native genius originating compositions in story and history worthy a place by the side of the great historic painters abroad; but cannot advise any one to abandon the definite bent of his genius in order to force labor in fields for which he has no aptitude.

A London paper says: "The preparation of greenbacks at the United States Treasury has given quite a stimulus to art in that coun-

try." The art character of our paper-money has not had consideration enough, for it excels in this particular any other paper currency. Pretty nearly the only pure line engraving executed in this country is to be found on our bank-notes, and this branch of effort has produced men of very superior talent, many of whom, unfortunately, rarely give us any thing excepting bank-note dies. Mr. Marshall is an exception. This artist, who is probably the best portrait-engraver in the world, began his career by engraving small heads for bank-notes; his first attempt beyond this was a head of Cooper; soon afterward he produced the well-known large head of Washington, which gave him world-wide fame. Alfred Jones, an artist of the highest genius, engraved a few of the plates of the old Art Union, but for a long time has confined himself, we believe, exclusively to bank-work. This is a pity, for it is in him to do a great and immortal plate of heroic size. Mr. Smillie, the most exquisite of landscape-etchers, is also of bank-note training. The high prices paid by the note companies seduces from broader fields of art the best talent we have, which otherwise would be identified with tasks of a more satisfactory character to the public. The abolition of paper currency would return to the art-world many men of genius. This argument has never been used by the hard-money men, and is offered to them as an additional arrow to their quiver.

A correspondent at Detroit sends us the following: "I am sure every reader of the JOURNAL among the Catholics will thank you for the description and outline sketch of Holman Hunt's picture, 'The Shadow of Death,' which appeared in the issue dated May 23d. It may not be uninteresting to the general public to present the ideas a Catholic formed after seeing the engraving, which is my excuse for this communication. A Catholic will find fault with the attitude of Mary, who would seem to be indulging a species of vanity by an inspection of the magnificent gifts of the wise men. Such an action is entirely foreign to the character of the most humble of women, and the contrast of the crown and the cross does not excuse the painter. Again, our Saviour is represented as resting from labor, and leaving his work unfinished—a plank half hewed, the carpenter's saw remaining in it. This is not so prominent at first sight, but a critical eye must note it with displeasure. These blemishes do much to injure a work which may justly be styled great.—W. E. S."

One of the sensations of the spring Paris Exhibition is the "Christ" of Bonnat. They say that the painter, in order to produce his picture, shut himself up with a corpse which he had bought at the hospital. Without going so far as the Flemish sculptor, who, according to a legend, crucified a man in order to obtain a good model of Christ, M. Bonnat nevertheless stood, as I have said, brush in hand, before the corpse, which he had fixed upon a wooden cross in the middle of his studio. For fourteen days he lingered before this terrible model, whose well-pronounced muscular developments he desired to transfer to his canvas. He surrounded himself with bottles of cloral, and struggled actively and devotedly with the stern reality of death.

"The enormous prices," says the *Academy*, "fetched by the roughest sketches and hasty jottings in note-books, at the Landseer sale, will astonish even those who are used to the appreciation now accorded to the slightest efforts of any master whom the world has agreed to call great. This appreciation is not altogether false, for it is probable that the slightest sketch of such a man, however hasty it may appear, is the outcome of years of patient study and trained observation, and so will have more worth than the carefully-executed work of an inferior master." The sketches in pen and pencil, water-color drawings, slight oil-sketches, and other works, occupying seven days in his sale, realized the enormous amount of £78,500.

Music and the Drama.

IT is only within the last hundred years that the theatrical orchestra has become a fixed institution. Before this time the amusement of audiences during the *entr'actes* was not regarded by the managers as a matter of sufficient moment to specially fix the attention. It is true, indeed, that, in the old plays, dating back even to the days of Shakespeare, we find stage directions prescribing that music shall be played in certain scenes; but this was done very sparingly, and in very different style from the present day. It has become the constant custom in the presentation of all plays to accompany the more sentimental and melancholy incidents with slow, pathetic, dirge-like music. In many parts of our own country, indeed, this false idea in art is carried to such an excess as almost to destroy any sense of illusion and distract the attention. In olden times, music was rarely if ever introduced, except when there was something in the direct action of the story to justify it—as, for instance, a military pageant, a funeral procession, or a church-scene. Here, of course, music would be the direct suggestion from the dramatic motive. But an ancient manager would have looked on a man as a maniac who would have suggested music to accompany *Othello's* im-molation of *Desdemona*, or the turgid blank-verse of the more gloomy parts of *Congreve's* "Mourning Bride."

Shall we refer this to a certain fine sense of artistic fitness, or claim, on the other hand, that the larger dramatic culture of the modern audience recognizes the value of music in adding more soft and harmonious shades to the picture. We can hardly indorse the latter assumption. When the villain of a modern romantic drama commits a burglary or wreaks a murder; when some sentimental heroine falls at the feet of her stern judge to implore pardon for offense committed against the laws of Cupid or Hymen—is our sense of the wrong condoned or interest in the situation intensified by the "fiddling" and "tooting" of the orchestra?

On first principles it is clear that the practice is an absurd monstrosity. If the essential condition of great acting be to create a powerful and absorbing illusion, if we measure the perfection of stage effects by their power to make us forget for a few moments that they are merely fantastic make-believes of canvas and pasteboard, then every thing which tends to dissipate the fascinating deceit is false in art. It is true that music has power to express certain shades of sentiment too deep and subtle for words, but this is by its own means and within its own limits. Unity and directness of artistic effect neither demand nor justify such reinforcement. Let us, for instance, analyze a situation in a performance which is now occupying public attention through the remarkable genius of the lady who personates the heroine.

When the affecting interview between the elder *Duval* and the heroine is presented in "Camille," the orchestra always plays the music of the corresponding scene in "Traviata." True, the latter is very beautiful and pathetic, and interprets admirably the sentiment of the scene. But it is not opera we go to listen to. The primary object of the play-goer is to witness a piece of mimic life that shall realize for his imagination a vivid and forcible conception of truth and nature at first hand, not merely by arousing in his heart some faint reflex of the class of emotions likely to be

called out by the actual facts themselves. The choice of "Traviata" music for "Camille" is less objectionable on the score of suggestion than the ordinary exhibition of taste in such matters. But the whole practice is erroneous in artistic principle. It is already on the decline in England and France, or at least is employed very sparingly.

One statement of the origin of this dramatic vice is that it was the daring conception of a French manager who wished to distract the attention of the audience from the baldness and poverty of the play. As he was successful to a certain extent, he fancied that it would always be effective to enhance the good as well as to conceal the bad. Like many another evil, once established, it becomes infectious.

Modern audiences have become so accustomed to it that they do not realize its falsity in art.

"The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense." But we think the time is speedily coming when music as a direct agency in the spoken drama will be remanded to its proper orbit. The fact that there is a tendency abroad to qualify the practice is potent and suggestive—good Americans are so obedient and slavish in accepting matters in art and fashion indorsed by their French and English cousins.

While criticism should never deal bitterly and cynically with faults, and seek rather to point out beauties than to sneer at defects, its manifest duty is to remind the artist of flagrant errors in the kindly spirit of goodwill. Miss Clara Morris, who has attained such popularity in the dramatic art within a few years, has histrionic powers so exceptional that the world will look with interest and sympathy at every step, whereby she makes culture and propriety correct the exercise of native genius. It is always a source of pain to hear the great artist say that which mars the effect of genuine power. That Miss Morris, without much original education, has winged her flight so high is one out of many examples that true genius will overcome all difficulties. That she rests content with the main effect, and seeks not to reform errors of pronunciation and elocution, which grate on the ears of good taste, illustrates the proverb as old as the world, that sudden success is apt to breed carelessness and indifference. It is ever the characteristic of the genuine artist to be more critical and distrustful of self than others are, and to look upward to loftier heights.

It is reasonable to believe that Miss Morris emulates the reputation of the great artist as well as of the woman of genius. Beautiful and gifted women are never without courtiers and parasites, whose function it is to burn flattering incense to their vanity. Whether or not this be the case with our charming New-York actress, the judicious have not failed to discover some unknown power of retardation in her symmetrical art-growth. Aside from many bad readings, let us call special attention to archaisms in pronunciation. A few will be sufficient to recall to a discriminating public, and to Miss Morris herself, a host of similar examples. On what authority does this lady justify such violations of the *Queen's* English as "of-ten," "du-el," "na-ture," etc. These deviations from correct English have no excuse. The French language tends to accentuate the last syllable, the English rarely. Any careful observer of Miss Morris will discover at least fifty such blunders in the course of an evening. To the charge that this is pet-

ty fault-finding, mere specks on the sun, we are sure that many such specks together make a black, foul blot: that the great artist is made by careful attention to just such trivial details. A lofty conscience in art should inspire self-culture with restless energy, and a fault should ever appear larger to the artist's self than to the public.

The acceptance of Miss Morris with the more refined and discriminating public, could be largely enhanced by a little judicious care and self-distrust. With her superb gifts, she owes it alike to her own career and to the public to round them into full-orbed beauty of proportion.

The first representation of "La Belle Paule," a piece of one act, in verse, by M. Denayrouze, was given on the 17th of May in the Théâtre Français, and received with marked attention by the large audience assembled. The main drift of the plot is as follows: La Belle Paule, having married the most ill-favored man in Toulouse, a sort of general social conspiracy is formed by every one connected with her to monopolize her company and keep her unlucky husband as much out of sight as possible in all their combinations. The action of the piece consists in the husband's effort to upset such plans, and to assert the inviolable right of his position. The comical situations produced by the rival plans are exceedingly ludicrous. The verification of the piece is light and graceful, and in exact keeping with the subject treated. M. Denayrouze, in giving a piece of one act only in verse, has evidently been influenced by "Le Passant" ("The Passer-by") of François Coppée, who was the first to introduce pieces of this character on the French stage.

A bright little one-act opera, "Le Cerisier," with very pretty music, by M. Duprato, has been produced at the Opéra Comique. The stratagem by which a gallant farmer, who has been detected in the act of kissing his servant by a prying neighbor, averts his wife's suspicions, forms an amusing plot. The piece was a success.

Strauss's band is delighting the Milanese, though it is scarcely large enough to thoroughly fill the enormous "Scala." But, in the smaller arena of the Teatro dal Verme, the dance-music was very attractive, the polkas being the great favorite. Verdi has been constantly among the audience.

The Brussels Opera-House, which has long been kept open under serious difficulties, is now definitely closed, much to the advantage of the Alcazar, where "Giroflé-Girofla" seems likely to continue in the bills throughout the year, to judge by the receipts.

Two little one-act pieces by Offenbach, "Bagatelle" and "Moucheron," are nearly ready at the Bouffes Parisiens; and, for the Variétés, M. Cerdas, the successful author of "La Belle Bourbonnaise," has composed a little operetta, "Un sujet de pendule."

Verdi's requiem for the anniversary of Manzoni was performed on the 22d of May at Milan, and afterward, with the same principals, at Paris. Ponchillé is also writing a cantata, to be performed at the Ariosto festival in Ferrara.

Science and Invention.

THE spiritualists have finally made a convert of whom they will no doubt make the most, he being no other than Darwin's distinguished collaborator, Alfred R. Wallace. We would not deem it just to notice Mr. Wallace's departure under the head of "Scientific Intelligence," were it not that he, like Mr. Crookes, is supposed to have reached his present height by a legitimate series of strictly scientific observations. There is a difference, however, between the conclusions reached by these two recent investigators, which may

best be understood by brief quotations from the closing passages of their published papers. Mr. Crookes, in his "Notes of an Inquiry into the Phenomena called Spiritual," published in the January number of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, and recently reviewed in the *JOURNAL*, seemingly, though in a guarded manner, indorses the so-called psychic force theory, as advanced and supported by Mr. Sergeant Cox. "The difference," urges Mr. Cox, "between the advocates of psychic-force and the Spiritualists consist in this, that we contend that there is as yet insufficient proof of any other directing agent than the intelligence of the medium, and no proof whatever of the agency of spirits of the dead." As Mr. Crookes seems to have had no trouble in being convinced of the genuineness of the so-called spiritual manifestations, table-tumbling, phantom-faces, planchette, etc., etc., it is but natural that this qualified acceptance of the creed by the distinguished discoverer of thallium, should have disappointed many. This disappointment will be allayed, no doubt, now that Mr. Wallace has "come out strong" on their side. Without reviewing at length the latter's opinions, as given in the *Fortnightly Review* for May 1st, their general character may be understood, by Americans at least, when it is known that, in a foot-note accompanying this "Defense of Modern Spiritualism," the author acknowledges as among "the more important works which have been used in the preparation of his article" the following eminent authorities. Judge Edmonds's "Spiritual Tracts," Owen's "Debatable Land," the *Spiritist Magazine*, and the *Medium and Daybreak*. Passing from the authorities to the authors themselves, we find our old acquaintances, Miss Kittie Fox and Mr. Daniel D. Home, quoted and their acts commented upon in "sober earnest," and this by a philosopher who was generally believed to err on the side of incredulity. It is, however, to the conclusions reached by Mr. Wallace that we desire to refer, and this may best be done by a brief extract from this article, on comparing which with the opinions of Sergeant Cox, it will appear that M. D.s are not the only doctors that disagree. After quoting freely from both Mr. Crookes and Mr. Cox, regarding the facts, Mr. Wallace joins issue with them respecting their conclusions, as follows: "The spiritual theory as a rule has only been adopted as a last resource when all other theories have hopelessly broken down, and when fact after fact, phenomenon after phenomenon, has presented itself, giving direct proof that the so-called dead are still alive. The spiritual theory is the logical outcome of the whole of the facts. Those who deny it, in every instance with which I am acquainted, either from ignorance or disbelief, leave half the facts out of view." Were a word more needed, it would be written in an honest spirit of regret that one so justly distinguished for his services in the cause of true science should have at last turned aside to follow these blind paths leading "out of darkness into darkness."

An interesting discovery relating to prehistoric anthropology has recently been made in the south of France by MM. Lartet and Chaplain Dupare. In the neighborhood of the Basque region and Béarn, the two principal affluents of the Adour, the Gave de Pau and Oboron, before uniting in the vicinity of Peyrehorade, isolate a rocky promontory which overlooks both valleys. Two years ago M. Raymond Pottier discovered at the foot of this promontory numerous traces of ancient hunters of reindeers, of

which so many interesting vestiges are still preserved in the Pyrenees and Périgord. At the same place MM. Lartet and Chaplain have just discovered, under a thick talus, a cave measuring ten yards long and having a depth of two yards, which has hitherto escaped the observation of explorers. This cave is a burying-place of ancient Pyrenees troglodytes, the human remains of which are found associated with sculptured teeth of lions and bears. On the calcareous, calcined nummulitic forming the soil of the grotto, lay a human skeleton, surrounded with cut flints and about fifty bears' teeth pierced with holes for suspending as necklaces. Twenty of these teeth, engraved with flint, bear ornamental lines similar to those found in the prehistoric stations of Madeleine and Langerie in Périgord. Several of the teeth were elegantly sculptured, showing representations of fishes and seals. These objects lay immediately beneath a black layer, one yard in thickness, composed of ashes, gravel, broken bones of oxen, horses, stags, and reindeers, and cut flints, resembling the types commonly found in the stations of Périgord, and classified as belonging to the end of the reindeer period. Beneath the first layer there was a second, from eighteen to twenty-four inches thick, containing the same ornaments and flints belonging to the reindeer period. Underneath this second layer, at the northern corner of the grotto, were found heaped together thirty human skeletons. With those *débris* were mingled bone needles of the polished-stone period, amulets, and flint implements and weapons. Some of the flints, in the perfection of their shape, resemble the beautiful laminas of Denmark. The skull of a woman bore the mark of a wound, similar to that observed on the cranium of the woman discovered among the *débris* of Cro-Magnon.

Before the present number of the *JOURNAL* reaches its readers, the war-ship *Swatara* will have gone to sea, conveying the various Transit-of-Venus observing-parties. During the interval between this time and November next, frequent reports of their progress and preparations will doubtless be received, for which reason the following correct list of the astronomers and their assistants accompanying five of these parties will be of interest and value for future reference:

HOBART TOWN, VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.—Chief astronomer, Professor W. Harkness, United States Navy; assistant, L. Waldo; chief photographer, W. J. Moran; assistants, W. H. Churchill and W. B. Devereaux.

KENGUELEN ISLAND.—Chief astronomer, Commander Ryan, United States Navy; assistant, Lieutenant-Commander C. J. Train, United States Navy; chief photographer, D. R. Holmes; assistants, G. W. Dryer and J. Stanley.

NEW ZEALAND.—Chief astronomer, Professor Peters, of Hamilton College; assistant, Lieutenant E. W. Bass, United States Army; chief photographer, C. L. Philippi; assistants, J. Russell, E. B. Pierson, and L. H. Ayre.

CROKET ISLAND.—Chief astronomer, Captain Raymond, United States Engineers; assistant, Lieutenant S. E. Tilman, United States Army; chief photographer, W. R. Pywell; assistants, J. G. Campbell and A. Foster.

CHATHAM ISLAND.—Chief astronomer, E. Smith, United States Coast Survey; assistant, A. H. Scott, United States Coast Survey; chief photographer, L. Seebahn; assistants, O. Buchler and W. H. Raw.

The Victoria medal of the Royal Geographical Society has been granted to Major P. E. Warburton, who recently succeeded in crossing the interior of Western Australia. In noticing this

important expedition, *Nature* states that Major Warburton accomplished exactly what he set out to do. Traversing the continent of Australia from the McDonnell ranges to the north coast of Nickol Bay, he passed over eight hundred miles never before explored by white men. The main interest attached to the results obtained is of a purely scientific character, the country proving to be barren waste. In accomplishing this difficult task the explorers suffered many hardships. Water and food were scarce, and, for a period of three months, their only food was dried camel's-flesh and the few dried roots and bulbs that they were able to gather. The meagre character of the results obtained does not, however, detract from the credit due to the bold explorers, whose services have been so worthily recognized by the Geographical Society.

At a recent reception given by the president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, in the western gallery of the International Exhibition, London, among other interesting mechanical novelties exhibited, was a self-recording "way-bill" for omnibuses. This apparatus, which is operated by electricity, counts up, every minute, the number of passengers in the omnibus, and prints the same in plain figures. It also records the speed, and shows the exact time of arrival and departure. To effect this, each seat is separated, and the weight of the passenger brings the wire from that seat in connection with the recorder. The cost of this little machine is said to be small, and practical tests seem to have proved that it is effective.

Colonel Marshall, of the Bengal Staff Service, is a Darwinian indeed, as may be judged from the following account of the Todas, one of the aboriginal tribes of India: "Formerly it was the custom among the Todas to kill female children, one or two girls being considered enough in a family; but the practice has now died out. An old woman used to take the child as soon as it was born and suffocate it by pressing a cloth over its mouth and nostrils. For this she received four annas, which is equal to sixpence. Colonel Marshall accounts for the present disparity of numbers between the sexes by supposing that the result of long-continued infanticide has been to create a male-producing variety of man."

A farmer in the neighborhood of Epouville, in Normandy, while recently conducting some draining operations, discovered four stone coffins, belonging to the Merovingian period, laid with the heads toward the northeast. These coffins were surrounded by a number of objects and ornaments in iron and bronze, besides vases in a good state of preservation. Two sabres or *scramasaxes*, three daggers, and two bronze brooches, of superior finish and workmanship, were also discovered in an adjoining field. The whole of these antiquities are to be deposited in the Museum of Rouen.

On the 3d of June, inst., the corner-stone of the American Museum of Natural History was laid at Manhattan Square, in this city. The exercises consisted of an opening prayer, by Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Sr., addresses by Robert L. Stuart, President of the Museum; H. G. Stebbins, President of the Department of Parks; Governor Dix, and Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, after which President Grant "laid" the stone, assisted by Mr. Munckwitz, architect of the building, and Professor Bickmore, superintendent of the museum.

Contemporary Sayings.

THE Golden Age says that Henri Rochefort is a man of fire. For twenty years he kept Louis Napoleon dancing with rage. He is no philosopher. He does not care a whit for political economy. He has no respect for the solemn pageants enacted in the name of religion, nor for the shams and flunkies and hypocrites who rob the people in the name of law. He is a born disorganizer, a trained agitator, an incarnate revolution. He is a pot always boiling, and sometimes boiling over. He has a faculty of saying those sharp, bitter, stinging things, which fly like poisoned arrows direct to the mark and rankle worse than death where they do not kill, and which give inexpressible delight to the Frenchmen who look on, and who are a hundred times more eager for an epigram than for an argument. He is the prince of paraphrasts, and no writer ever lived who could write a sharper line than he. His words pierce like needles. His sentences are lancets, all edge and no back. They glitter like polished steel, but they ignite wherever they fall, and in the inflammable tinder of French society they make a blaze if they do not create a conflagration."

Heath and Home unites with us in urging local celebrations of the centennial anniversary by "the dedication of some high agency to the public welfare, since the best good of the whole body of the commonwealth is the idea which underlies our republic. New York could afford to make the people the gift of a free art-gallery, or a public library, or a noble concert-hall, where the finest music might be nightly heard without cost, or at a nominal price. The great cities could all exercise an equal munificence. Smaller towns might open a public park or pleasure-ground, enriching it with fountains, statues, and flowers. Villages could establish small libraries, so endowed as to grow into large usefulness. The smallest and poorest hamlets could at least plant grand avenues of shade-trees, line the barren roads with the cheap apple or cherry for the comfort of unborn patriots, and set up rustic drinking-troughs along the dusty tracks, where, in August days, spent horses look and long in vain for the cool trickle of water."

In regard to the often complained-of "gloom of Sunday," and proposals to obviate it by opening art-galleries, museums, etc., the *Spectator* says: "It is not the amusements of large towns which make them cheerful, but the business; the power of buying and selling, the exhibition of the things which are buyable and salable, the faint motions of the mind toward buying this or that, the consciousness of various needs which might be supplied in any one of a thousand different places, the flutter of purpose which this consciousness rouses—in a word, the multifarious interests which people live together in such huge groups to serve, this it is which makes great cities cheerful; and let what place of innocent amusement you will be open, no great city which ceases almost altogether from trade on a Sunday can ever wear a cheerful aspect."

"The same tremendous, irrational power," says the *Springfield Republican*, commenting upon the Mill River tragedy, "that makes the great forces of Nature the most useful of servants, makes their revolt the most terrible of all servile insurrections. And they will revolt the moment the opportunity is afforded them. They are not restrained, as even the most inbred and animate slaves must sometimes be, by gratitude or fear. They do not stop to count the chances or forecast the consequences. So long as man, the master, keeps a firm hand over them, and is on his guard against them, they serve him faithfully and without complaining. The moment he relaxes his vigilant authority, trifles with them, leaves them to themselves, puts himself in their power, they rush upon him and destroy him. Passionless, they are also merciless."

The *World* thinks the crusaders should turn their attention to poisoned candy. "There is a very large class, and they are not all children, either, who are just as much the slaves of sugar-coated poisons as the inveterate toper are slaves of the intoxicating cup. . . . There is more poison in one

stick of colored candy than there is in a glass of the meanest wine." This statement the *World* supports with many startling analyses of the impurities of colored candies. It says: "Look at the children one meets at any great festival of the Germans, and see if they do not compare very well with the candy-fed children of the American teetotallers, although brought up in the fetid atmosphere of a tenement-house, and poisoned every day of their lives with lager beer."

Mr. Beecher says of patience: "We are very patient with folks who suit us. We are very patient with people whom we do not have any thing to do with. We are very patient with those whom we see others impatient with, but who do not relate to us. We sometimes wonder at our patience with such persons. I have found myself maintaining an unbroken patience with the Khan of Tartary. I do not know that I ever lost patience with the Emperor of China. I am very patient with people in New York that I never saw, and that I never have any thing to do with."

"If education," says the *Tribune*, "is of importance enough to the State to be specially provided for by law—the government so far recognizing the necessity for it as to assume the responsibility and the support of schools—it should go still further and establish the fact by law that some degree of learning is absolutely essential to the exercise of the higher functions of citizenship. It hardly needs argument to show that ability to read and write should be an essential qualification for the duty of every juror." And for the voter, too, we should add.

Frances Power Cobbe writes that many women have hastened to the conclusion "that to keep down the price of female labor is the partial result, if not the recognized aim, of an enormous mass of masculine influence." There are, no doubt, certain influences that would do this, but male labor dreads female labor as a competitor principally because it breaks down price; and this dread would cease if women earned wages equivalent to those of men."

"There are some persons," says the *Poll Mall Gazette*, "who will go any distance and incur any amount of inconvenience for the sake of a little excitement, and these cannot do better than proceed to Iceland, on the second of August next, when the inhabitants of that island intend to celebrate the thousandth anniversary of its colonization."

"Abundance of ozone," we are told, "is what makes Alpine resorts healthy," meaning healthful. "Yea," says the *Traveller*, "and it is abundance of ounces that enables men to reach the Alpine resorts."

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

MAY 29.—Advices from Spain: General Loma assumes command of the first corps of the Republican Army of the North.

Advices from Cuba: An encounter with the insurgents in the outskirts of Balre. Don Ramon Herrera, of Havana, colonel of the Fifth Regiment, accused of treason, and sent as prisoner to Madrid. Report that General Maximo Gomez has crossed the Trocha at the head of five thousand patriots.

The village of Elwood, Ill., almost entirely destroyed by fire. Large fires at New Orleans, La.; Defiance, O.; and Pittsburg, Pa.

MAY 30.—Decoration-day generally observed throughout the country. National observance of the queen's birthday in England.

Advices of deaths: At Williamsport, Pa., of General Robert Fleming, senior member of the Lycoming bar, and a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1837-38. At Rome, May 26th, of Rev. Michael Mahony, D. D., of the Diocese of New York; aged twenty-five. At Letterkenny, Ireland, of Rev. Francis Martin, late assistant pastor of St. James's Roman Catholic Church of New York, aged forty-five; of Charles H. Doolittle, of the Supreme Court of New York, lost at sea from the steamer *Abyssinia* on the 21st inst.

MAY 31.—Advices from Spain: The Carlists have surrounded Hernani, and have had several sharp skirmishes with the garrison.

Serious riot in Limerick, Ireland. A mob of one thousand persons attacked a party of militia, who were defended by the police until reinforcements arrived, when the riot was suppressed.

Advices of the death, in Yorkshire, England, of

Sir Harry Meysey Thompson, well known from his management of English railroads, aged sixty-five; at Rome, on the 28th ult., of Cardinal Louis Vannicelli-Casani, aged seventy-three.

JUNE 1.—Advices from Spain: General Loma, with the first corps of the Army of the North, has joined General Concha's command at Miranda. The national forces have entered Cheira, dispersing a body of four thousand Carlists.

A dispatch from Morocco says that twelve thousand inhabitants of the city of Fez have risen in consequence of the reimposition of the gate-tax. All business stopped, but no fighting.

Intelligence that the ship *British Admiral*, from Liverpool to Melbourne, Australia, lost at sea, with seventy-three persons on board.

An attempt made in London to shoot the Prince of Saxe-Weimar.

A valuable block of houses burned at Chicago. Accident on the Indianapolis, Bloomington, and Western Railroad; three employees killed.

Five men drowned while endeavoring to run two rafts down the rapids of the St. Anne River, Canada.

Resignation of Mr. Richardson, Secretary of the U. S. Treasury; Benjamin H. Bristow, of Kentucky, nominated as his successor.

JUNE 2.—Advices from Spain: San Sebastian has been attacked by the Carlists in force, and is in a critical situation. Men-of-war have been sent to protect the foreign residents.

Extensive inundations in the province of Banat and elsewhere in Hungary; many villages swept away.

Corner-stone of the American Museum of Natural History laid at Central Park by President Grant.

JUNE 3.—Advices from Spain: A reinforcement of three thousand republicans has reached San Sebastian. General Loma has been appointed Captain-General of the Basque Provinces.

Matiny on board the ship *Neptune* as she was leaving her dock at Liverpool; several persons injured and fifteen mutineers arrested.

Four persons killed by a train on the Erie Railroad while crossing the track in a wagon.

Advices of death, by suicide, at Toulouse, Theodore Cassaque, historical painter.

JUNE 4.—Repulse of three thousand Carlists by General Salamancas at San Vicente, province of Tarragona. Carlists have occupied Rosas, seaport twenty-seven miles northeast of Girona.

Insurrection of Governor Weston, of New Hampshire.

Advices from Mexico: Mayor of Matamoros has ordered chief of police to prevent the passage of cattle over the Rio Grande either way. This order, if enforced, will break up the stealing of cattle.

Death, at Madison, Ind., of Very Rev. Father Dupontance, vicar-general of the Diocese of Vincennes; aged sixty-four.

Notices.

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